

CAVALCADE

OCTOBER, 1953

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Should Sport be Banned? — page 66



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Cavalcade

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VOL. 18, No. 5

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the love trail to TRAGEDY

George Anne Bellamy had many lovers. She loved riches, but she died broke.

JAMES MOLLIGHE



A RENT, frail old woman collapsed and died on a London street one February evening in 1788. Dirty, unkempt and starving, she was only one of many of the city's destitute who daily went unnoticed and unremembered into pauper's graves.

But 40 years before old England had known her as virtuous and beautiful George Anne Bellamy, the star of Covent Garden Theatre, the idol of the playgoing public, the mistress who invited a dozen drunken nobles around her finger and whom a pair of the police tried to kidnap for love.

Here in 1747, George Anne's first name was a mistake made by a servant in registering "Georgiana" was

the illegitimate daughter of a young actress named Catherine Seal, who, at 18, had eloped with handsome, but dissolute Lord Tyrwelay.

Tyrwelay promised to marry his mistress, but pawning debts caused him to change his mind in favour of a Lady Mary Stewart, who, although "both ugly and foolish," possessed a fortune of £30,000.

Once he got his hands on the money, the noble lord left his wife in rooms in London and with Miss Seal hid himself off to Portugal, where he had wangled the post of English ambassador.

Living in "the strictest sin," the couple produced George Anne, whom Tyrwelay acknowledged as his daughter. But his loving eye then

lighted on a Portuguese beauty named Donna Anna. Catherine retaliated by running off and marrying a British officer, Captain Bellamy, who consented to give his name to Tyrwelay's daughter.

To further complicate matters, Bellamy soon after disappeared. Catherine Seal returned to the London stage, and Lord Tyrwelay gave George Anne into the care of his adjutant, Captain Pys, to bring up with her own children.

At 11 George Anne was sent back to England to stay with a former servant of Lord Tyrwelay's who was married to a London wigmaker. She was taken to see her mother, but Miss Bellamy pushed her out of her front room, exclaiming: "My God! What have you brought me home? This purple-eyed, splutter-tongued, gibber-tongued wretch is not my child. Take her away!"

For all his secretive profligacy, Tyrwelay cared for his children, and when he returned to England in 1768 George Anne received better treatment from him. She moved into his house, still run by the Portuguese mistress, Donna Anna, and joined three other daughters, all by different mistresses, staying there.

Tyrwelay, however, was soon off to take the post of British ambassador to Russia. He made George Anne an allowance of £100 a year and left her in the care of friends in London.

Hearing of the £100, George Anne's mother (who had meanwhile married and been deserted by another officer, Captain Walker) arrived on the scene and dragged her off to her way, but Tyrwelay was informed and immediately stopped the allowance, leaving mother and daughter penniless.

Mrs. Bellamy took the girl to Covent Garden Theatre and got her

a job. She made her debut on November 12, 1764, and her beauty and talent soon won her public acclaim. At 19, George Anne Bellamy was the reigning queen of the London stage.

She was not tall, but her figure was "admirably proportioned," said a critic of the day.

Barbers flocked around her, but George Anne would listen to no proposals that did not include "marriage and a coach."

One persistent admirer was Lord Byron, son-in-law of the poet, but his intentions did not go as far as "marriage and a coach." When George Anne was adamant that nothing less would interest her, her Lordship prepared a trap and waited for her one afternoon outside the theatre.

When George Anne appeared, he grabbed her in his arms, hoisted her into a coach and rattled off as fast as horses could gallop.

An interested observer of the abduction was a young nobleman named Sir George Methuen, who was himself waiting for a date at the stage door. He set off in pursuit in his own carriage and successfully rescued the maiden from Byron's house in North Audley Street before that villain was able to work his wicked will.

Overcome with gratitude, the following day George Anne Bellamy moved into Methuen's "elaborate" house in St. James as his mistress.

Methuen, however, was a gambler living far beyond his means. Before long, George Anne was maintaining the "elaborate" house from her salary at Covent Garden, Drury Lane and other London theatres.

Incurably extravagant, George Anne was soon stretched in debt, a more serious condition in those days as it frequently meant imprisonment indefinitely in a debtors' prison. Methuen fled to Scotland to

Sage money-lenders who were chasing her, and she was left alone.

George Anne then left on the idea of opening a hair salon in her house with the proceeds of her pawned jewelry. The house had a lucky run, and in a few weeks she cleared enough to pay her debts.

Mathew returned and, in honor of her gambling, ordered her to close the game. George Anne obeyed, but only because she was tired of the game and affluent with £1,000, with which the rich young Lord Devine had presented her.

Anyhow, she was bored with Mathew and soon after replaced him with a businessman named John Colcraft, who was rapidly making a fortune as provider and agent for British armies in Europe.

Like Mathew, Colcraft had a thousand tactics why he could not marry her, but he eventually signed a contract of marriage in which he agreed, under threat of £20,000, to make her his wife within six years. George Anne agreed and moved into his house, definitely changing her theatrical billing from "Miss" to "Mrs." Bellamy.

What the lavicious actress saw in the gamely, dirty Colcraft as a mystery, indescribably slovenly in appearance and dress, he delighted in keeping a pet pig in his bedroom.

She irrepressible mistress put up with it for a while, then ordered the aid of two of her admirers to creep in and kill it while Colcraft was away. Inconceivable when he found the slaughtered porker, Colcraft was puffed by the wily George Anne who crossed his stomach's blood by demanding the absurd sum for the pig would make.

George Anne's own personal cleanliness was recovered through London

Daily she took two baths. In one she washed herself, but during the other, in which she remained soaking for several hours, she removed varicoses.

"There she lay," it has been written, "floating up from time to time, with gold pins, those long locks of hers which came undone and obliged her to tilt her magnificent arms out of the water—and sometimes not the arms only, but also a snow-white bust which seemed to have been sculptured of Porosa marble."

When Colcraft was laid up with gout, George Anne cheerfully took over the management of his business. She misinterpreted complaints by soldiers in Germany that the shorts supplied by Colcraft since entered the first time they were washed.

Out to the manufacturer she went. After some argument she agreed to pay him threepence more on each shirt to assure they were better-made in future.

George Anne thought no more about it until the bills for the goods arrived. An uncle Colcraft showed her that her husband had cost him an extra £400, which he insisted she pay.

This and the discovery that Colcraft's determination to carry out his agreement to marry her was because he already had a wife, led to George Anne's desertion of him in 1848.

Colcraft immediately sent her a bill for £2,750, which he told she owed him for clothes and money he had supplied. By the next mail, George Anne sent him her own bill for £21,507, for business she claimed she had put in his way through her father, Lord Thynneley.

Backed in London, George Anne Bellamy accepted an engagement in Dublin, where she fell in with a

young actor named Dwyer and entered what she termed a "barren connection" with him. It lasted two years and, she said, made them "happily unhappy."

During that time Dwyer filed her white. When he left her on coming into an £2,000 legacy, she was in debt to the tune of £21,000.

Back in London, George Anne found that younger Dwyer had explored the public's fancy. She continued as a star at Covent Garden for a number of years, but eventually descended to "bit" parts.

Still attractive, the actress became the mistress of the well-known actor Henry Woodward. When he died ten years later in 1877, he left her by his will all his furniture, plate, linen and china, and a substantial sum for the purchase of an annuity. But there was a caveat over the will, instituted by the actor's relatives, and his mistress got nothing.

The famous queen of the London stage gradually sank into poverty and degradation, from which she seemed unable to extricate herself.

Once, hungry and destitute, she descended the steps of Westminster Bridge, hoping the incoming tide would cover and drown her.

As she sat there in the darkness, she heard a well-cryer pitifully berate a pet of bread and the answering wail of her mother "My God! What wretchedness can compare to mine!"

The words had an electrical effect on George Anne. She jumped up, went home to the garret she occupied and forthwith began the writing of her famous memoirs, from which she cleared several thousand pounds.

However, it did not do her any good, so it was asked by her creditors before she got her hands on it.



ON A *devil* G-STRING

Paganini's virtuosity, his technique, his choice of people he was inspired by the Devil.

THE grunting youngster leaping onto the concert platform at Leghorn, Italy, wore a borrowed coat. The sleeves covered the long sensitive fingers and when the audience caught a profile of his figure, they laughed.

He stepped to the music stand and a contrary gust of wind blew out the candles. While the audience raised another crystal filter, the young man tucked his violin beneath his arm and commenced to play without the score. With a twang, a string on the fiddle gave way and the audience crowd gave themselves up to unrestrained hilarity.

On the three remaining strings, with the aid of embarrassment still staining his cheeks, Paganini played like a demon possessed. At the end of the item the screams of Leghorn rose in their seats. Such magical, spine-chilling music they had never heard. Under its spell they cheered themselves hoarse.

Driven by an insatiable and brutal

hunger, the young violinist had given concerts in Milan, Bologna, Florence and Pisa, beginning with one at Genoa in 1793 when he was nine years old.

After the now familiar trials of success at the Leghorn concert, Paganini cut the parental fetters.

In company with his older brother, and then with a new-found friend, Gerni, who became his business manager, Paganini began a fabulous tour of Italian cities.

At each concert Paganini played his own variations on well-known works, mingled with his own lively compositions. His ungainly platform presence, his marvelous dexterity with the bow and the string, spine-chilling music he called forth from the very timber of the instrument threw his audience into a clamor.

Despite the hallooming of his lead from free thought of Paganini as more than another child prodigy, the phenomenal playing power and technical trickiness were looked upon more as evidence than the performance of a genius.

Until that time, no father had experimented with the use of stopped harmonics or double stopping. By utilizing the stopped harmonic on every tone and half tone Paganini extended the compass of the string and added a polish and brilliance to his playing, effects otherwise considered impossible. Other novelties were achieved by special tunings or mordentisms.

The daring of these effects and the sensational, concentrated expression he put into them made Paganini a master out of his time. First, if any, would play his compositions, and due to the exorbitant prices he charged for copies, only four of his compositions were ever published during

his lifetime, although he wrote many. Frequently, enraptured by the physical agony he put into his playing, and by his reactions at the trembling table, Paganini took refuge at a monastery at Corsica.

These recurrent disappearances soon rose in all manner of rumors, maliciously represented when a disengaged monk at the monastery visited Paganini's home and beside it into splinters. He swore that the soul of the devil was in the bow, making it play diabolically exciting music.

As punishment the monks were sent to the miller with the fragments of the bow, to have another one made.

On the way he told how Paganini practiced in his cell, while behind him a silhouette clothed in red made busy clappings in imitation of the master.

It was enough to set clamorous tongues rattling of Paganini's imprisonment in a cell. Regretting at the tale added the information that he had killed his mistress in a fit of jealousy and was locked up with his composer the devil.

These rumors followed Paganini throughout his life. Often accused of charlatanism, it is possible he allowed them to ferment to add to his reputation for having more than earthly power.

His phenomenal performance on the G-string alone gave rise to the further belief that as his phenomenal music-making he was allowed only one string to play upon.

In fact, Paganini's virtuosity on any string arose from a love affair when he was attached to the court of King Eusebio, Napoleon's sister.

He dared not approach the lady directly, so wrote for her a composition for two strings only, "Serenade Anonymous." Mysteriously, it was an



MAKING HER DEBUT

A young girl went out one night—
'Twas her first time out
alone.
Although she knew wrong
from right,
For first time she had to
stare.
Her attire was something to
behold!
Her attraction for boys was
shocking!
When, finally she returned
home,
She had a little rent in her
stocking.

—AM-EM

immediate success and Princess Kline presented him to wife a composition for one string, which he did—Sonata for the G-string, entitled "Napoleón."

Further experimenting led Paganini to extend the harmonic compass of the fourth string to four octaves. He was often accused of using frayed strings so that he could show up his extraordinary skill on one, when the others snapped.

In 1813 Paganini left Princess Kline's court, the chief reason being that he persisted in visiting the saloons of her Royal Highness when conducting the opera orchestra.

Two years later Paganini met Antonia Marchi, a vital, earthy woman who sang and danced as the cat. She became his mistress and bore him a son, Achille.

The mis-matched pair endured two years of one another's company, when Paganini bought the legal custody of his child and legitimized his birth.

From that time all Paganini's earnings were expended in order to build

a fortune for his son. Always negatively of his talent, he rarely played unless it were for money.

Frequent illnesses and a throat condition, which in moments of excitement, left him voiceless, forced him to take a rest. For four years he lived quietly on the estate of a woman friend in Turin. Her name was never divulged and many tales were told of how the violinist and his lover commuted together with the devil in the garb of an enchanter of the chateau.

On March 26, 1840, Paganini made a triumphal appearance in Vienna. For two months newspapers gave news notices of his concerts. Prince Metemich, the Austrian Chamberlain, attended every performance. Schubert, Strauss and Liszt were there. Gey, official Vienna critic, has his heart.

His portrait was displayed everywhere. Lamps of sugar in the coffee houses carried the impression of his profile, his head was moulded in butter. Loaves of bread were baked in the shape of violins and the famed Wiener Schokolade was given an octet form in the pen and called Wiener Schokolade a la Paganini. His picture was engraved on snuff and cigar boxes and medals and coins were surmounted by curved heads of Paganini.

Specimens of the master's devilry mimicked the Veronese, and for the first time Paganini took steps to seduce them. He demanded and received apologies from the press and had printed a letter from his mother as proof that her son was not at the devil.

Unshaken, Vienna continued to love him. A medal was struck in his honor, the Emperor gave him the title of "Violino of the Court" and

presented him with the gold medal of St. Salvator. Pope Leo XII conferred on him the Order of the Golden Spur.

From Vienna Paganini played his way to Paris and London. The legends went with him. In Paris he played his "Violino Inferno" and the audience went berserk. Someone had seen the devil standing behind him, guiding his fingers.

In London in 1831, his concert was postponed until he agreed to charge less for the next tickets. The crowd who mobbed him as he left the theatre clanged to one fire and another coming from his harbor' nostrils. People yelled at him in English, of which he understood nothing, and pushed him to one of he were made of flesh.

Paganini made twelve appearances at Vauxhall Gardens for which he was paid £1,000. In addition he played at Queen Victoria's coronation for another £1,000.

Close, having almost lost his train-

ing coach, a Gloucesterian, through gambling, Paganini had long foreseen, the manner how, by careful hoarding of his money he was a wealthy man, and his son's future assured.

In May, in 1840, at the age of fifty-two, Paganini died from the throat malady he had long suffered.

The rumors did not do with him because of a doubt as to his faith, the "music monster" as he was called, was refused burial in consecrated ground. For five years his son had his body buried elsewhere and there, to be exhumed whenever it became known where his bones rested.

Finally, an inquiry was held as to his orthodoxy, and Achille had him buried with full honors at Paris, near his estate.

Even then Paganini was not allowed to rest. Fifty years after his burial his body was exhumed so that the master could be looked at again.



Recipe for RELAXATION



If even people relaxed, even for a few minutes each day, the hospitals would not be so crowded.

LIE GUARDS

THERE is only about one chance in five that chronic fatigue—the "tired feeling" which makes you feel up with life, your job and the world as usual—is caused by physical weakness.

At the Lohry Clinic in Boston, Dr. Frank Allen recently conducted tests of 86 patients who complained of perpetual tiredness, of frayed nerves, of tension and of feeling "like a guy who's being flipped in the hands of fate."

With only 36 could their chronic fatigue be traced to a definite illness—usually heart disease, diabetes,

kidney trouble and tuberculosis.

The other 50 had nothing organically wrong with them. Yet their fatigue was not imaginary. As with millions of other people, it was as real as hunger, and the probable seriousness of serious measures and breakdowns—but caused by nothing but inability to learn the fundamentals of relaxation.

Unless you can "let go" and relax, all the vitamins, minerals and medicines in the world will not cure fatigue.

Relaxation is the art of developing a rhythm in your work. Those who have mastered it can turn their

muscles on or off like a kitchen tap.

When they work, they work with all they have. When they are not working, they relax—completely. They do not stay tense and wound up like a clock spring.

The American author, Robert Coe, has told of a two-word recipe for relaxation he got from his younger brother, Jim.

Jim Coe, at 40, is a business success without an ulcer, high blood pressure or a line of worry on his face. No matter how work piles up on him, he can step back and take a few minutes out for relaxation—with a cup of coffee, or just looking out the window at the traffic below.

Knowing that he had not always possessed this formula for relaxing tension by putting the stress of the day out of mind, his brother asked him how he achieved his serenity.

"It's a one-word secret," said Jim. "It was given to me in the middle of a lake in my early 30's."

On vacation, Jim Coe had been invited by a champion girl swimmer to swim across the lake.

In the middle of the lake, completely exhausted and panting, he stopped out to the end he could go no further.

She gave him one rule, simple word of advice.

"And I've followed it," Jim Coe says. "I've followed it ever since—except that I've learned to apply it before I'm completely exhausted. It works mentally as well as physically. And it is so simple! All she did was smile at me and say: 'That, Jim!'"

For those who take pleasure in the daily nap is probably the most valuable of all rules in relaxation. Once you have the trick of taking a quick snooze anywhere—on the train, at your desk, before dinner at night—

you have mastered one of the prime abilities of modern man.

A cat-nap lowers blood pressure by 15-20 points and gives your heart a chance to rest. It is recognized treatment in such chronic diseases as stomach ulcers, colitis, arthritis, tuberculosis and nervous disorders.

Mr. Winston Churchill is renowned for his after-lunch nap. During World War II, he said "I find I can add nearly two hours to my working effort by going to bed for an hour after luncheon."

Soldiers, too, know the benefit of a short snooze. Napoleon used to catch up on his sleep anywhere—even on horseback—and took a few minutes out for a nap before all of his major battles.

General James Oliver Buckner, American World War II hero of Okinawa, was able to swing around in his chair at his desk, turning his back on his staff surrounding him, and fall into a deep, refreshing sleep for five minutes.

Thomas Edison is generally cited as an example that sleep is over-rated. He lived to 85 and surely had more than four hours sleep a night.

What is forgotten is that he kept a couch in his laboratory. On it he took frequent catnaps during the day, "constantly recharging the dynamo of his energy."

It is a mistake to forgo a daytime nap in the belief that it will stop you sleeping at night. Actually, it often improves the night's sleep. Scientific research has proved that a daytime nap of reasonable duration can cure insomnia. The art of relaxation during the day makes it easier to relax at bedtime, and the unconscious finds that sleep comes much sooner. Dr. Edmund Jacobson, America's leading authority on sleep and re-

"Alexander," said a man to his mate, "does your wife ever say you say compliments?" His mate grinned. "If she does," he answered, "only last night when we were sitting in front of the fire and it was burning low, she said 'Alexander, the great!'"

accidents and complaints of fatigue were banished.

The method advocated to see sleep by Dr. Jacobson in his standard book, "You Must Relax," is as follows: "Lie flat on your back, head on a pillow, arms beside the body, and legs slightly aparted. One by one tense and relax the muscles. By the time the phlegm has been thrown to your toes is completed, you will most likely be snoring!"

If you cannot manage an actual nap, a few minutes in an easy chair with your eyes closed will go a long way towards demolishing your tiredness and combating your fatigue.

Tests have shown that the afternoon rest (even though it does not go as far as actual sleep) has a definite beneficial effect on the quality of your work during the afternoon.

Not long ago, at Stephens' College in the United States, students were divided into two groups. Half of them were kept working in their classrooms after lunch. The other half were allowed to relax as they played in these rooms for an hour. The latter half got far better examination results at the end of the year.

Perhaps the most famous experiment to determine the efficacy of rest on a worker's output was that conducted a few years ago by Frederick W. Taylor, industrial engineer at the Bethlehem Steel Works.

Taylor noticed that at the end of the day men carrying pig iron were completely exhausted. Their average daily load was 11½ tons.

Borrowing a laborer named Schmidt for a test, Taylor, watch in hand, set him carrying pig iron to a loading truck. After each run, Taylor told him to sit down and rest for a few minutes.

Schmidt worked on that basis all

day long—carrying, resting, carrying, resting. The rest enabled him to maintain his working pace and was frequent enough to stop his fatigue. At the end of the day he had carried 47 tons of pig iron—nearly four times as much as the other men.

It is not easy to forget your troubles and relax. You are probably saying: "My job is indoors. I'm behind with the rest. My daughter has infected friends, my son needs glasses and my wife wants to bring her mother to live with us. I'm not saving anything for sickness or old age. My boss is constantly telling me to speed up, get more sales, see more people. How can I be calm and pleased?"

All that only illustrates the greater necessity it is for you to slow up before you put "go to work!" Shoes won't get her much food or Mike get her glasses if you have a break-

down. You will not be able to work. The whole stream of modern life, complete with its lifting—worry, pain, hate, rush—is breaking men. In most countries, heart disease is now the greatest killer. How many of your acquaintances went to the cemetery last year from a sudden coronary attack?

Relaxation is the only prevention—and rest is the cure of relaxation.

Learn to loaf. Aristotle the Chinese who makes a cult of idleness recommends that man be the only working animal. Do not hesitate to pillow time for a little more, lying on our waikins with no place to go. Play more with your children—but not with an eye on your watch.

However, do keep an eye on your watch for the time to take another nap—and sleep your fatigue away.



South Australia had

BUSHRANGERS

ELLALINE THEA



Only one gang of bushrangers operated in South Australia, but they wreaked havoc.

It was just on Christmas, 1838, and even in the outback station in the Limestone Valley there was a feeling of festivity. Mrs. Read, the station-owner's wife, although alone, went cheerfully to answer a knock on her front door.

There were three there. Without warning, one of them hooked her down and another fired his musket at her. The wedding of the charge bruised her cheek, but the stag walked. The three men then robbed the house. Thus bushranging came to South Australia.

South Australia was a carefully planned State, and never a dumping place for convicts. Perhaps that is why it had so few bushrangers.

Convicts transported to other colonies for minor offenses undoubtedly became bushrangers in every instance because of the brutal treatment they received. In South Australia, which was not a convict colony, the law material for bushrangers and the bushranger code of punishments were both absent.

Many of the poor victims of the violence of their gages in the Bush-

men State ran away, joined blacks, or wandered around until hunger and hardship drove them back to resume their fabled lather. These lather were accustomed with the out-of-race talk, an excitement would intensify on the very slightest pretext. The usual type was that used on subordinate soldiers, but there was a specially vicious "that's not" used at Macquarie Harbor. In each of its race talk was a double-hunt of whippersnapper, and each had scarified race knots. This could up a man's back to shreds in very short order.

The custom to let a convict were very numerous—for no man was to fully certain. The convicts were badly fed and ruled with the strictest discipline by another slave-driver of convicts. If they felt like a little "entertainment" these men made a false occasion and the victim was given his "dose."

If a convict was accused to work for a freeman he might be extremely lucky and get a master who was moderately kind, but in the great majority of cases his master would be an ignorant man, happy to have a sense of power in inflicting a flogging on a fellow-man at the slightest pretext. Convicts were often forced to death because of pure savagery on the part of their masters. They were worked like animals, fed like insects.

Even in those days it was a generally accepted thing that Sunday was a day of rest, but overworked farmers kept their accused convicts working. Some of their convicts, in get what they considered their rights, went without on the Sunday, and returned on Monday to resume their fabled lather.

A muttered, indistinct syllable of what might be insolence, was sufficient to earn a man fabled lather.

Outside the police and masters, the convicts had another enemy. Any freeman who saw a convict drinking in a tavern or slumped in the street after sundown, or noticed the convict of being impudent, could have the man punished.

There was also a great deal of corruption among the officials. "The police made a considerable revenue by blackening convicts who were in business," and it was not surprising that this example helped convicts to become deluded.

They had been conditioned to such an extent that murder and robbery meant little to them, while in the bush there was a certain amount of freedom. Thus many became bushrangers.

At the end of 1838, three men—Wilson, Green and another—became bushrangers in the country around Limestone Valley, South Australia. It is thought that they originally came from Victoria.

The colony of South Australia was then only three years old, communications were poor, and the three bushrangers had been robbing the settlers and travelers for some months before they looted Read's station.

News of the latest robbery was carried to Superintendent of Police, Brown, in Adelaide, and he set out with a party of mounted troopers.

The three outlaws were aware of the advent of the police long before the troopers arrived. They had probably expected the police to show up soon, but they were somewhat of indifference in the wide open country.

Read had not been hurt, but cattle and horse tracks were called "roads," although often too faint to find. In the Limestone Valley the

A reporter was interviewing a doctor who specialized in manipulation. "Doctor," said the newsmen, "what is the foremost factor to which we can attribute the cause of the majority of sleep-walking?" The doctor smiled. "Two beds."

superintendent and his men were moving along one of these trails through the scrub when they rode into an ambush, the three bushrangers opening fire from cover.

Luckily none of the men was hit in that first volley and they immediately fled for safety. Hanson did not know how long the point of ambushers might be and probably thought it much longer than it was. In any case, he played safe and told his men to dig themselves in. He sent one man on the best horse for reinforcements.

Many days passed before the trooper was back with mounted police from Adelaide, Gawler and Mount Barker. And during those days the three outlaws had departed hence. The large body of police combed the district, but could find no trace of their quarry.

The bushrangers rode to Melbourne, arriving there about the middle of February, with funds in their pockets. They made their head-

quarters the Royal Highlander Inn in Queen Street, and relaxed with wine, women and song.

The third bushranger — whatever name he gave it not disclosed — was riding a horse along a street of Melbourne Town one day when he was recognized by a police officer on an ex-cavvy from Van Diemen's Land who had served his time.

As the horse was a very fine animal, the policeman took it upon himself to arrest the man on suspicion of stealing the nag. The brand proved to be that of a Mr. Cox and the man was charged with horse-stealing. At the trial Mr. Cox's station superintendent could not swear to the identity of the animal, even though it carried the stolen brand.

The ex-convict was found not guilty and discharged. He departed from Melbourne, crossed the Murray into N.S.W. and vanished into obscurity.

When their companion was arrested, the other two bushrangers, Wilson and Green, hurriedly stopped painting the town red. But when he was released they started on a celebration which was conducted well but not wisely.

Wilson, very drunk and creating a disturbance, on Monday of all days (February 20), was locked up for disorderly conduct. While he was clanking off his convictively in the cell, he was inspected in the usual manner and even, to-day, by policemen and detectives to see if they recognized him as a wanted man. They did.

Two of the men who peeped through the spy hole were South Australian prospectors who were returning home after exhausting mine prospects to Sydney. These two men had been members of the party which had been ambushed a few weeks before. They had seen one of the men-

bushmen and they recognized him.

On the Monday morning the bushranger was fined five shillings and allowed to go. He did not suspect he was going to be followed so that the rest of the gang could be arrested. He was soon to meet Green and the two men were kept under observation that day while investigations were being made. That night they were arrested and charged with robbery at Read's station.

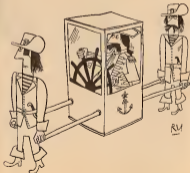
They were detained in Melbourne until warrants could be sent from Adelaide, where they were sent for trial.

A string of witnesses from the district around Lyndoch Valley identified them. Some even came

down Portland Bay, where the bushmenners did a "job" on their way to Melbourne.

It was then realized that the man with the Cox horse had been the third bushranger who had attacked Read's station, and his trial was followed—and lost. Perhaps his was only a case of "payment deferred" and Justice may have caught up with him later for some other crime. He might have been one of the dozens and many numerous New South Wales bushrangers of the following years.

Wilson and Green were found guilty and convicted. There was only one sentence for bushrangers on these days. It was short — and colorful!



in the middle of Manhattan, in New York, anything can be obtained for a price — dogs, gambling and sex.

RAY HAMILTON



MECCA of Degradation

SPARKLING in the middle of Manhattan like a chain of cheap diamonds at 43rd Street, the brightest and bowdlered thoroughfare of the world's biggest city. More crime and vice occur nightly on this fabulous street than anywhere in the Big Town.

Though 43rd Street extends close across Manhattan Island, it is the stretch from Ninth to Ninth Avenues that gives the street its black reputation.

"It is probably the most densely concentrated artery of iniquity in the

country," according to the Easton Report, a citizen-sponsored survey of New York crime.

Peppering the three-block strip are bars, sleazy movie houses, gambling meccas, cheap hotels, and open-air hot dog stands. Each ready serves as a pick-up rendezvous for adventurous men and daring women.

Every night, 43rd Street is packed with sun-seekers. They get what they want. But they pay heavily for it.

Tourists and servicemen are the

biggest markets for the 43rd Street operators. Located just two blocks from the massive Port Authority bus station, 43rd Street is the first stop for most New York visitors. For some, it is as far as they get.

Recently the New York police located a bus and sides.

Harry, a 35-year-old St. Louis factory worker, wanted to see New York. He arrived by bus. eager for a quick tour of the glamorous city, he hurried from the bus station and walked to 43rd Street. The bright lights seduced him.

Harry was standing at the corner of Ninth Avenue when a stranger asked him for a match. Harry obliged. "Just get into town?" asked the stranger, opening Harry's suitcase.

"About ten minutes ago," said Harry.

The stranger smiled. "Quite a town, isn't it?" Harry nodded. The stranger added: "Got a place to stay?"

Harry said: "No."

"Take looks place around the corner," said the man. "Cheap. And you can get anything you want."

Harry caught the inference in the man's tone. To Harry this was adventure. It was why he had come to New York. Anything you want.

He said okay to the stranger and they headed a taxi. During the ten-minute drive, Harry got the feeling they were riding in circles. But the stranger directed the driver knowingly. Harry sat back expectantly.

Already, he was mentally building the story he'd tell the boys at the plant when he returned to St. Louis.

The hotel was small. Everybody seemed to know Harry's companion. He didn't even have to register. "Take care of that in the morning," the stranger suggested.

Optimist, the stranger continued his

frankness. "Why not have a smoke?" he asked. "I'll weed up a friend I think you'll like."

Harry was delighted. They were back here, he thought, and he smiled as the stranger left.

The girl was young—so young that Harry was surprised. And she was pretty. They were together a few minutes when the knock came at the door. It was a waiter with two drinks and a bowl of ice water.

"Ten bucks," he said.

Startled, but eager to play the hush-shot, Harry paid. He was ready to pay for his fun he had \$300 with him, enough, he had figured, for a reasonable week in New York.

Ten minutes later, Harry was broke.

There wasn't much he could remember to tell the police. After the waiter left, he had carried the drinks back to the girl. She tipped him, while Harry bowed her with a gulp. Then he reached over to kiss the girl.

Suddenly the world blacked out. Harry came to in a dark alleyway. He had no idea how he got there, what had happened to him, or to his suitcase. His money was gone.

To the New York police, it was an old story. A few weeks later, they located the hotel and checked up one of the town's most vicious dens of gangs, prostitutes and "runcy" operators.

But that didn't help Harry. The Traveler's Aid gave him a ticket back to St. Louis, and he is there now, reliving his costly adventure on 43rd Street.

Waiting out for pumps is a major task for police on the 43rd Street beat, but there is an even bigger problem: nervous peddling.

"You've got to keep an eye on everybody every minute," one policeman said. "People who look like

WHY IS IT THAT . . .

When women walk along a floor,
They shake the place from door to door?
And when walking along the street
They're heavy enough for a Navy Fleet?
While men, much heavier at home,
Make little or no noise on the same
When women run, they lock their knees —
(To go forward, if you please?)
They move their feet in circular motion,
Why? I haven't a notion.
The elbow is held against the side,
The foreleg swings in and out like the tide
Why don't they swing the arms forward and back?
They just don't seem to have the knack.
Women certainly are funny souls,
Yet, because of them, men go to bottles
Life definitely does not make sense,
Perhaps it's the men who are so dense?

—RAY-ME

They're just shaking hands can easily be passing a basket of the stuff."

In a ten-minute period, the policemen pointed out four men who were, he said, ready to buy or sell drugs. They wore sport clothes, loaf shirts and purple suede shoes. It was like an identifying uniform.

However, as well organized as the seamy transactions that only a fast policeman can intercept them. Sales are arranged, deliveries completed and get-away made in passing cars with such perfect timing that an arrest demands the utmost vigilance.

Still more dangerous than the professional peddlers are the adults who use narcotics as bait for teenagers. Every night New York's addicted youngsters converge on 42nd Street. Constantly, they parade back and

forth among the crowd. When they get tired, they rest on the all-night canteens which is their hang-out.

The teenagers are virtually male and female prostitutes. As they wander the busy street, they study adults who, according to their practiced eye, look like customers. They will go home for an hour with anyone who says other than marijuana, and they'll spend the night for a shot of heroin.

They operate with blatant aggressiveness. If an adult—man or woman—walks slowly along 42nd Street, he will be approached by a teenager almost immediately. Conversation continues for usually requests for a match or the time. Then the youngster brings the conversation around to sex. Should the adult appear responsive, the kid boldly asks

"What is there in it for me?" Unfurnished adults may offer money. Says the teenager: "Money can't buy what I need."

Then, in a single evening, one plain-clothes detective was able to arrest five girls and nine boys who promised him "the time of your life" when he indicated that he had a supply of narcotics in his hotel room.

Dr. Lowell C. Lowell, the noted British psychiatrist who recently studied New York's anti-narcotics campaign for poisons on a similar London crusade, said:

"The damage done by these narcotics-carrying adults is staggering. Unable now to obtain any drugs through the former districts which the police have destroyed, the teenagers will stop at nothing. No authority can estimate the number of youngsters who give their bodies rightly for narcotics. In time, they will be eager to give more."

Harvested by scraps of all types and the home-port for countless New Yorkers, New York City is visited each night by thousands of men in uniform. Few of these have personal friends or steady girls in Manhattan, the rest head to 42nd Street.

Waiting for them is every possible type of "business."

And prostitutes openly proposition them on street corners. Hospital housewives ply them with liquor. The sex-starved unmarried women, who abound in Manhattan, follow them. High-priced dealers in "hot" rods are eager to sell their wares to a "peeing impaired street" to the latest estimate of perennating bookies.

They pay heavily—in money and health. New York's venereal disease

rate is always among the country's highest, and most of the victims are members of the Armed Forces.

A study of 180 servicemen—Y.D. cases, picked at random, showed that all of the victims had met their women in the 42nd Street area. Shocked by the evidence, a New York newspaper editorial warned:

"This obviously controlled was clearly proved that the available women crossing the 42nd Street district are walking death-traps. Our servicemen deserve better protection. To us, the rampant disease indicates that the police control is pitifully inadequate."

To-day, 42nd Street ranks high among the world's headquarters of evil. As the haven for pimps and pervers, the open-house for sex and scandal, as the hangout-boutant for drugs and degenerates, it has well earned the title of Manhattan's Babylon Court.

Smart boys stay away from it.



the murderers made mistakes

Tilly Smith's plot to dispose of his wife was watertight, until —

PETER HARGRAVES

THE owner of a service station near Ashland, Ohio, stood at the window and watched the rain pattering down on the drive-in. It was an American public holiday, Memorial Day, 1938.

Dusk was falling as the proprietor turned to switch on the lights. Then feet pounded outside on the concrete, and the door was flung open to admit a panting man. It was the sergeant's brother, Tilly Smith. He was carrying his two babies in his arms.

To his startled look of inquiry, Tilly Smith burst out: "It's Clara. She's been shot. Brenda held on up just after we left here."

Hurriedly summoned by the proprietor, a police patrol car from Ashland arrived in a few minutes. Leaving the children at the station, Tilly Smith accompanied the police half a mile down the road to the murder scene.

They found an old truck parked at the side of the road, lying in the gutter beside it was the body of a young woman. A bullet hole gaped on her forehead, and her face and hair were matted with blood.



It was apparent she had been shot while in the truck. Blood was spattered about the middle of the cabin. On the floorboards, about the opening for the rear lower, was a large pool of blood, slowly dripping forward to the ground.

At Police Headquarters, Captain E. E. Rieder took a statement from the craft-stricken husband, Tilly Smith.

He told how he left home with his wife and two children late in the afternoon to go visiting. On the way, they stopped at his brother's for a chat and then drove on.

His wife, Clara, was holding their three-month-old baby in her arms. Their other son sat between them, asleep.

About half a mile from the service station, on a lonely back road, two men stepped out of the shadows and waved them to pull up.

As he did so, Smith saw they were armed with revolvers. One remained at the front of the car, while the other came round and ordered Smith to "shut 'em up."

Tilly Smith reached down to the floor for a crank he kept there. The bench saw the movement and fired.

Whirling past Smith's head, the bullet struck his wife in the temple. She slid to the floor.

The gunman in front shouted to his companion to "get going" and both ran up the road to a parked sedan, which they drove away.

Smith got out and opened the door to lift out his wife. He laid her on the ground, grabbed the two children in his arms and ran back to the service station.

At dawn, Captain Rieder and his assistants were out at the scene of the crime. They searched anxiously but could find no tracks of the robber's car described by Smith.

However, in a gully at the side of the road, they found trampled grass suggesting somebody had walked in ambush for an oncoming car.

More important was a pair of footprints they picked up. They had only recently been dimmed and belonged to a woman.

Scouting further afield, the police detected the imprints of a woman's shoes, the heels sinking deep into the soft ground. They followed them across country a couple of hundred yards till they came out and were lost on a nearby road.

Captain Rieder then received some important information from a police patrolman who knew Tilly Smith. It was to the effect that he had seen Smith several times lately in town with a strange, young, dark-haired woman.

Two detectives were sent out to Smith's small farm and brought him in for further questioning.

Rieder produced the pair of footprints. "Ever seen these before?" he asked.

Smith shook his head.

One of the detectives standing round interrupted: "You might as well come clean, Tilly," he said. "Who was the woman?"

Smith hesitated, as Rieder played his trump card. "Was it the woman you were seen with here at dawn the other day?" he asked.

From the look on his face, the police knew they had stumbled on the truth. They pressed their advantage with a barrage of questions fired from everywhere round the room. Smith wilted and cracked.

It was a word story Smith gave, although he insisted it was exactly what had happened the previous night. He now said that the woman who had been seen with him had

The boss was dictating a letter. "Smith, Smith and Brown, partners." He cleared his throat, then continued. "Gentlemen—" The stenographer interrupted. "I beg to differ, sir," she said. "I've been out with all of them."

killed his wife, on that fateful day.

"I don't know her name, but I think it is Mary," he began. "I can't tell you where she lives, either. She has been married and is part Indian. It was about ten days ago that I met her. I picked her up after seeing her at the movies. I met her again several times."

Proud of his success as a lady-killer, Smith claimed the girl had fallen desperately in love with him. "She knew I was married," he said, "but that didn't make any difference to her. She was violently jealous of my wife. She boasted of her Indian blood and threatened me."

"She told me I had to get rid of my wife, or she'd get rid of me."

Smith said that he kept an old gun under the seat of his truck. The girl found out and would have taken it. She knew he was going running with his wife on the evening of the murder day.

On the night of the murder, the girl had appeared out of the bushes,

gun in hand. Smith said she had it pointed straight at him, so he stopped. She ordered him out and ran to the back of the truck.

He obeyed and heard a shot. Then he saw the girl running away. He lifted his wife out of the truck, picked up his children and ran back to the nearest station.

"I don't know what to say," he concluded. "I was afraid that if I mentioned her she'd kill me too, so I made up the story about the robbery."

Captain Butler gave an order for the girl to be brought on Ashlandale. It was a jump down, and it did not take long to discover where she was working as a maid.

Her name was Johna Mandy Lowther. She refused to talk on the way to Headquarters, and even when confronted with Wilby Smith her face was expressionless.

Smith indicated that she was the woman, but she maintained she had never seen him before.

Captain Butler ordered Smith to read his own statement aloud in her presence.

As the white man cold-bloodedly painted her as a cruel, calculating killer, the eyes of the Indian girl flamed with hate.

"You said she wanted to get me out of my wife," he said. "You told me you'd never bring me into it. You men are all alike."

Turning to Captain Butler, the girl went on. "As he talked, I'll tell you the truth. I'm not about to die. But before I do I'll see he goes free."

Johna Lowther's statement told how Wilby Smith had picked her up at the movies ten days before. He begged her to run away with him, telling her of differences with his wife.

He promised her everything, saying he was going to poison his wife and sleep with the Indian girl in

Florida. The girl had been agreeable.

But he lost his nerve and the night before the killing he appeared at Johna's place of employment and gave her the gun, saying simply, "Use this." He detailed the place whereby she was to step out of the bushes as he drove up with his wife and shoot her.

Smith promised that if anything happened later, he would take all the blame and keep her out of it. Nothing could happen, however, he reasoned for, because he would say nothing about it.

The girl explained that she discarded her promises to run better

when getting away. The gun was hidden at her room, where it was later recovered by the police.

Tried for the murder of his wife, Wilby Smith was found guilty and died at the electric chair on August 17, 1931.

The Indian girl, Johna Lowther, was also convicted, but a recommendation of mercy from the jury saved her from the same fate as her paleface sweetheart.

She was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Marysville Reformatory for Women, Ohio, which, she said sadly as she was led away, was a fate worse than death.



THE END OF Arguments



is men more intelligent than women?

Psychologists of the University of California, after conducting an extensive survey, say they are. They found also that men were more courageous, showed the greater emotional balance in stress, are more logical and less likely to get into debt. Women, according to the psychologists, excel in faithfulness in marriage, moral character, imagination, poise and understanding of the needs of children. Neither sex is a worse loser at sports than the other and there is little difference between them in courage in the face of pain and sickness.

What causes earthquakes?

There are two types of earthquakes—volcanic and tectonic. Volcanic is not so common, nor does it cover so wide an area as tectonic quakes. These latter are caused when two sides of a crack in the Earth's crust rub against each other so one side rises or falls. Usually they occur near large mountain ranges where great weight produces cracks.

Congenital or inherited?

What is the difference between congenital and inherited characters? The former is one which is present at birth, but not all congenital characters are inherited. Many defects present at birth are produced by accidents or defects. For example, congenital syphilis is due to an infection which is transmitted from

mother to child, but it is not inherited. Conversely, many inherited characters are not present at birth.

What is the largest structure in the world?

The largest structure in the world is the Great Wall of China. Built more than 2000 years ago as a defense against invading armies, it contains about 3000 million cubic yards of material. It is still standing and is one of the most remarkable achievements of mankind.

What is the gestation period for elephants?

Actually the period is from 18 to 22 months. The African elephant reaches maturity at from eight to 12 years and was lived until a very advanced age. A feature of this animal is that Nature has given it its own method of birth control. Because of the stress of certain hormones produced during and after pregnancy, female elephants cannot bear again until 40 to 45 months after giving birth.

Does intake of water affect egg production?

When hens do not get sufficient water to drink, they do off the lay. No, it is not a strike against eggs—just a voluntary strike, anyway. The reason is that about 65 per cent of an egg is water. Fancy think, all of the things we eat and drink are mostly water—even beer.

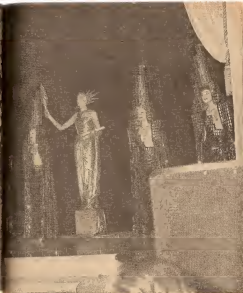
night-life
of PARIS

When night falls, Paris comes to life. This dancer in a Parisian night club is the cynosure of all eyes as she dances across the stage judging by her costume she could be a fly-by-night star. Nobody, *guess* has she had *much* fun with her. And if no one gives her any flowers, *who* should she *worry*? She has them, too. Flowers, birds—what, *no* boys?



Push to penetrate the city of our inhibitions. After dark it really opens its eyes. The stage is set for entertainment. "Where beauty exists, let it be shown," is the uplifting axiom adopted by the Parisians. And, as you won't get any false impressions, the naked truth is here revealed that Nature is the greatest force in existence.

18 CARNIVALADE, October, 1923



The scene changes and here the central character illustrates the liberty of expression, of deed—and of thought. At the same time she pays tribute to Miss Liberty of U.S.A., while her co-entertainers symbolize the life of New York. With these damsels as allegorists, it is no wonder visitors rubberneck (as the Americans describe looking upward).

CARNIVALADE, October, 1923 21

Fifty years of beauty

QUEENS

Girls in the first beauty contest met with derisive jeers. Now some girls earn a living from such contests.

MARK PRIESTLEY



JUST over fifty years ago a bevy of lustre young ladies paraded dapper gowns, a batch of beauty judges and a scorching newspaperish modern voice that has set hearts beating faster ever since.

There were ones of "Glorious", "Disgraceful" houses", yelps of scandalized protest. The quiet fact remains that the winner of the world's first recorded beauty contest—at the seaside resort of Folkestone, England—died a spinster and never wore a bathing costume in her life.

From thence to Britain, the amazing voice of beauty contests has spun

through half-a-century of change and charm. The first contests were everything except make-up—and hair—and the judges were regarded as much by hairdressers and hairpins, daffily placed, as by beautiful ladies.

One of the first girls who ever strolled across a platform in a swimming costume — knee length — was sharply booed, reproved at her shape and asked from her job.

Ever since the first international winner died tragically in Buenos Aires, most people took it for granted that the road of the beauty competitor was the route of white slavery.

Twenty years ago Mouskara stately beamed beauty gowns on moral grounds and the Luckless Miss Europe of 1909 was publicly cursed by her church.

Yet more than 1,500 beauty contests will have been held in Britain before the end of this year. More than that number will have been held in U.S.A., and a few will have been held in Australia. Prize money in these contests will total over £500,000 in England alone. There will be contests for the "Perfect Shape" and the "Most Beautiful Brunette" (the usual array of bathing beauties, the "Cotton Queen," the "Silk Queen," the "Sail Queen" — plus the usual "Miss Australia," or "Miss U.S.A." — and finally a feature of trumpets for "Miss Tri-umphant").

In fifty really big contests, the prizes may range from £1,000 cash to Irish world tours and show trips to Hollywood.

So lucrative are the profits that professional organizers desperate to stage the contest, provide a parade of luxurious living, lure the awards with a team of celebrity judges and arrange the prizes . . . all for an exclusive fee.

It's a strange fact that nearly a hundred beauty titles last year were shared by a dozen girls. With professional contests have come professional beauty queens—careless charmers who make big money contests a career — or at least a paying sideline.

Twenty-year-old my typist Judy Brown, for instance, was 1919's Miss Festival of Britain and 1920's Miss Cosmos Amsterdam. Not content with winning a honeymoon round-the-world flight, she became Miss England and then was chosen to spend a week in Venice trying for the Miss Europe title.

Many vacation resorts in the season start a Beach Girl every week and a string of professionals find they can pick up the prizes neatly by moving from one town to another.

Beauty-getting is most assured work than the often unenviable task of seeking stage and screen jobs.

A girl who was 25 international contests actually received seven hundred proposals of marriage. Not long ago, a beauty competition was won by a woman of fifty.

Despite professional opposition, prizes have been won by housewives, policewomen and university students with science degrees. The professionals just happen to have made prize-winner tougher, that's all.

One section recent recently suggested that entrants should be made to swim the length of the baths before judging but to prove they're swimmers bathing before. Another town banned parade blouses. On another occasion, organizers banned the use of cosmetics.

Yet the biggest eye-opener came at a contest when only twenty-three girls out of thirty entrants passed. The others were disqualified or indignantly booted. It proved, they had picked out their competitors—and even a revealing two-piece was not a sure test of natural beauty. One girl was even wearing a piece of mottled plywood to keep her tummy flat.

Even the British, my organizers, is not front-guard and bathing beauty contests are on the decline. In 1934 the chances are that many of the beauty queens will go before the judges in dusty frocks and wearing girds instead of bathing dresses.

One stage further, in fact, and then they will be wearing everything except hats — and the landscape of beauty queens will have spun its full circle.

Crime Capsules



CARD SHARPS

A Chicago firm of mechanical engineers has, for decades, specialized in making every known kind of needed gambling device. Now it has invented its masterpiece—a Card Holder Machine, which is used like the treasurer. A winner of this machine, while playing cards, can switch packs without being caught — if he has enough practice at it.

COAL STEALING

It must get cold in Camden, New Jersey, U.S.A. The Camden Coal Company has been robbed 34 times in the last five years. The company still has not learned to counteract thieves. So much of a habit has it become that whenever a robbery has taken place, the boss rings the police and says: "It's me again."

CROOK EVIDENCE

When you have anything to hide, the only thing to do is to hide it. But some people are so sure that they just throw it into trouble. A newspaper photographer took a photo of a man in Washington, U.S.A., and conducted an interview with the man on world affairs. The interviewee stated that 1933 "will be a good year for everyone." The next day, police recovered his photo as a man who was wanted for house-breaking and kidnaping. That

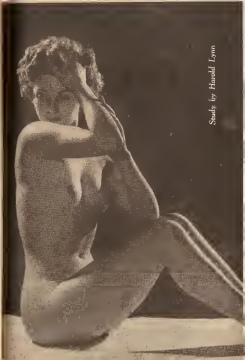
same day, the criminal was in jail.

CUTTING CAPERS

In Florida, a cutler named Kalamashoff got tired of cutting leather. He decided to cut human bodies. In short, he became a surgeon. He had no surgical training, but he must have had a natural aptitude for the job, because he worked his way up to chief surgeon at Kew Hospital. He operated on more than 500 patients before his duplicity was discovered. The discovery following a hanging in one of the operations.

COURTING CATASTROPHE

Captain William Cranston, of Scotland, was fifty years of age and he fell in love with a girl of 18. Her name was Mary Blandy. However, the girl's father would not give his consent to his daughter's marriage. The Captain convinced Miss Blandy that her father's obstinacy was due to illness, so he gave her some "medicine" to give to her parents. Mary did so and her father died. Cranston fled the country with the loot from the estate, leaving Mary to face the music. Mary was hanged. The Captain died before he could be brought to justice and the sole heirs for the Blandy fortune were Cranston's legal wife and his son.



Study by Harold Lynn

THE

trap



AS the long freight came lumbering up the heavy grade, the two men dived from the willow thicket, scrambled through the half-open door of an empty boxcar, and sprawled panting on the straw-littered floor. One of them was powerfully built, with a broad, weathered face and a thick, graying mustache. His thick, veined fingers gripped the handle of a battered brief case.

The other man, who was small and long-limbed, pulled a dark, leather-bound book from his pocket, and flipped out a pair of glasses, and offered the bottle to the big man. "Here's y'all, Charlie," he said sheepishly. "We sure were lucky to hit the railroad just when the grade shows 'em down."

Charlie reached for the flask. "Take it easy, Scudder," he said. "You're shaking like a jelly."

Scudder listened to the hollow of the locomotive's exhaust rolling back over the train. "A killer's bad business," he warned. "Even for heavy

guys, a killer's bad business."

The big man grinned maliciously. "And who's gonna put it on us?"

He gripped himself on one elbow, picked up a straw, and began to chew it with his strong white teeth. "Listen, Scudder," he said. "Some-one pulls off a bank stick-up and bumps all one of the killers. When folk read that in their Sunday paper we'll be up in the next strin, and well hid."

He spat out the straw and groped for a cigarette. "Those damn cops will be watching the roads, expecting we made a getaway in a fast auto." He blew two jets of smoke from his nostrils. "Hell, Scudder. We're too smart to use the usual old routine," he said.

Scudder sat hunched, knees drawn up to his chin, alone with his nervous thoughts. When he closed his eyes, he could see the killer, hunched up against the door of the old-fashioned car, grabbing wildly at big Charlie's gun hand. Scudder flinched as he heard again the fat crack of

THEY SIGNED THE OLD MAN'S DEATH WARRANT.

THEN THEY UNWITTINGLY SIGNED THEIR OWN

BENJ. FRISMAN • FICTION

SHEEP'S EYES

Mary had a little lamb —
The boys did not care a jot.
Now Mary's grown and has
two calves —
The lads now stare a lot.

—AH-EM

Charlie's JJ He saw the clock real, slumped drunkenly to the floor, Scaddler flicked his dry lips and reached for the bottle.

Then it came, electrifying as the thundering gleam — a single, dry, rasping snarl from the far end of the long, doughy-holed barroom. Scaddler froze. His eyes bulged.

"Hell! We got company?" Charlie had the gun in his hand. He rose to his knees, gawping with the reaction of the cat. He said loudly, "Get on your feet, wherever, you are, and come up here."

Something started down in the street. "Don't shoot," a wheezing voice called anxiously. "I've sneaked up there last."

A shapeless bundle of rag edged out of the gloom and stood before them. There was still enough light to reveal the withered, monkey-like, the bright snake-like eyes. The old man couldn't have been a day under sixty.

Scaddler sucked his breath in sharply. He saw the faded yellow windbreaker, the worn, cracked shoes, the limp bedroll draped over the shabby shoulders. "Come," he croaked. "A hole. A hole bawmin' a hitch on the railroad."

The old man wobbled in a futile grin. "That's right, guess, just taking a little trip up north. I'm afraid to get me a job in the old country."

Charlie's eyes were hard as glass. "Mister, you been spying on us?" The hole shifted uneasily, watching the gun in the big man's hand. He shook his head. "No, sir; I ain't been spying! Just been [gas] back there in the store, madder'n my own hammer."

Charlie grinned maliciously and thumped back the hammer of the blast-ringed .32. "But you heard our palaver, old man; you know what we got in this here bag."

The hole bulged up a step. "I guess I can't say I heard you fellows chewing the rag."

Scaddler stared stupidly at the hunched "Well, Charlie. What're we gonna do?" He felt a hollow numbness in his stomach when no answer came and looked even, smiling at the pistol. "No, Charlie. Don't shoot. Don't let's have another killing."

Charlie cursed savagely and hit the smaller man hard on the mouth with his free hand, but Scaddler was steady and tough, he clung desperately to the gun. "That's right," he heard the hole speak. "Youse guys got enough trouble without chawin' up another shootin'."

Charlie wanted for the gun. "Back off, Scaddler. This old fool has heard too much." But Scaddler's grip held the strength of his fear and suddenly he heard the big man say, "O.K. Scaddler, it's not the place," and

he let go of the thick wrist as he felt the manman go out of it.

"Open up that bedroll," Charlie ordered. "I know you habes always carry a bit of candle, and we've got to have a light."

The old man slowly spread open the bedroll, found a stub of yellow candle, watched Charlie snap a match and held it to the wick. The big man dripped blobs of wax on the lid of the hole case, stuck the stub of candle upright in it, then peered up at the hole in the fluttering yellow flame.

"Close the door," he said to Scaddler. "We don't want no draught in here to blow her out."

Scaddler got up, went to the sliding door and pushed it closed with hands that were sweating.

Charlie studied the hole with his cold, glassed eyes. "Old man," he said, "you sure bought yourself a heap of trouble." His free hand caught the thick arm. "It sure is a pity I gotta put a stop in you."

Charlie was too smart to let the old guy live to put the finger on them. "But this ain't the place," Charlie was saying. "We gotta wait till we're crossing one of them high bridges before we give it to you."

The old, monkey eyes gleamed in shy decision. Then his lips moved and the words came softly, so Scaddler had to strain to hear. "Either way, you lose," he said.

Charlie jerked upright. "What do you mean, we lose?" The old man sat down on the bedroll. "It's the door," he said patiently. You fellows can't be used to ridin' the freights. You can't open these doors from the outside!"

Scaddler sat frozen with the shock of it.

Charlie was on his feet, he rushed to the door, spread his palms on its smooth, steel-lugged surface, and thrust with all his strength. The thick door wouldn't budge. It was securely locked by the iron paw that dropped into its slot when tripped as the door shut shut. And the big, tea-shaped handle was on the outside.

Scaddler rushed to join Charlie and together they kicked and pounded in a vain effort to slide open the door.

"It's no use," Scaddler yelled at last. "We're locked in till they open up from the outside when we reach the city."

Charlie's face was a white, fear-creased mask. He knew now there'd be no stealthy dragging from the boxcar to the hotel as they cruised slowly through the freight yards. He knew also that armed railroad police searched the freights at the terminals whenever a strike alarm was out. Daily he heard the thin piping voice of the old hole. "Guess you fellows are in deep enough without havin' a stiff in here with you when they open her up. Shootin' me would be just plain foolishness."

Suddenly something snapped inside Charlie and he began to laugh hysterically. "Yeah," he agreed, choking as he said it. "Shootin' you would be downright foolishness."

The candle flickered and went out. The freight rumbled on through the night and the big hole's searching sideways upon glimmering silver was as it arched for a bracket of light glimmering on the northern horizon. When the wailing blast of the whistle came whipping back, one of the three men trapped in the boxcar pattered his withered, monkey face and squinted softly to himself in the darkness.

DEATH had a GUN

WE were a hundred miles from water, in the centre of the stark, drought-killed country. Heeler, my blue cattle dog, Daisy, the saddle horse, and Bob, the packhorse. There was a dead cow in the native well, the last of three which had been undrinkable, and there was nothing in the two oil drums on the packmule or the stove-bag slung from Daisy's neck.

I rode to the top of a big mound and from there could see a dark, shadowy line that might be trees, near water, at the foot of a line of hills, and at the mouth of what seemed to be a gorge.

It turned out to be a dry creek coming out of the gorge, with a rock bottom, and a few trees. About a quarter of a mile up the gorge Bob, the packhorse, started trying to paw a hole in the creek bottom, apparently having seek water underneath. But

WHEN A DEAD MAN POINTS A GUN AT YOU,
YOU NEED GREAT CONTROL OVER YOUR MIND.

Heeler, the blue cattle dog, knew a quicker way. Follow the bass. So he started in every time the packhorse stopped, and tapped each hoof in turn, and fell flat on his belly to avoid the kick that flashed out as Bob calmed his pace.

Another quarter of a mile along the bottom of the gorge I could see ahead where it opened out into a plain, and there was the house. A bleak, bark-homestead shaded its poles and staring at me through two glassless windows that looked like evil eyes. Five rooms and a kitchen, with the front door open, showing a narrow passage between walls of bark and poles, with earthen floor, divid-

ing the house into two. There was a well beside the signpost.

I pulled over to the drying fence and yelled. There was no answer.

I yelled three times, and then saw dust rising about a quarter of a mile away, where the gorge opened out on to a plain.

"Gee for the horses," I told myself. I opened the sheepskin, wound up a couple of buckets from the well, and gave the horses and the dog as much as they would drink.

I was wiping my mouth after taking a long, cool drink, when a dead voice startled me.

"Oday, young fellow?"

I looked up and saw a tall, good-



THE people of Edinburgh are very proud of the cleanliness of their city, as an American poverty stricken The Yank was standing on a street corner waiting for a girl friend. He pulled out a packet of cigarettes, lit the last one in the packet, and casually tossed the empty packet in the gutter. A Scot, walking past, stopped, picked up the discarded packet and said to the American: "Is this yours?" The astonished New Yorker answered "Yes, why?" The local said: "I merely wanted to point out the fact that nobody else in this city would do it." The visitor took the empty packet and put it in his pocket.

looking young woman standing in the doorway. She had black eyes and hair, and a voluptuous mouth, with a figure emphasizing her bust and hips, dressed in shabby leggings and blue shirt. Good looking, I thought, but there was something in her big black eyes I didn't like, though at the time I couldn't fashion it.

"Good day, Minna," I said, respectfully. "I'm looking for water for a couple of moments. They'll pay good money. Is your husband about?"

She didn't answer for a bit, but stood there, looking me over with a sort of speculative air, and I remembered with a pang of fear that she'd been watching me, apparently, one of one of those dead men's eyes of windows, without letting me. I repeated my question.

"He ain't well," she said. "He's been down. Come in, and I'll get you something to eat. You can undress and have rest when you've eat."

I sat on a slab form at a slab-and-half table in a kitchen that was simply bare and pale, and ate corned beef and pickles and dumper that she got for me out of a sofa made of calico stretched over poles. She sat

on a slab stool on the other side of the table, silent, watching me out of her big black eyes while I ate myself as full as a wool bale, and drank hoke-worm tea from a porcelain dipped from a black billycan over a fire at a back chimney.

When I was too full to hold any more I said to her: "What's wrong with your husband, Minna?"

"He's dead," she said. "He sat his throat this mornin'. He was always a bit heavy like, and lately he's been better. But I was carryin' on with one of the men he daffs with with off the Main Station, on the other side of the townhouse. Last night he threatened to cut his throat, for about the empty-eth time. So I handed him the razor and told him to get it over with, instead of talkin' about it so much. This mornin' when I went in to wake him . . . I been tryin' to bench my horse all the mornin' to go do the help, but he won't be cut. You better take a look at him. He's in there, on the bed."

She motioned towards the back door which I assumed led to the bathroom.

Call me a coward if you like, but

I admit that by the time she'd finished, the population I held was swelling on the slab table and I was in a state approaching terror to pause than I've ever been in my life before or since. You must remember that I was a mere kid, just turned eighteen, and though there were few men better able to handle the job I was on in country to which I'd been born and bred, I had no experience with strange females or situations, or, it occurred to me, murderers.

Was this woman a murderer? I asked myself, really. She had guilt in her eyes, and her story of the suicide of her husband was a bit too matter of fact for me. No tears or hysterics from a plain, middle-aged, frightened yank, sick and smelly, like a really good lie. It was odd on she'd butchered him, and was in a spot by my arrival. I took a firm grip of myself and told myself that to lose my nerve would be the end of me.

I got up, carefully, reaching her, and within I had the side that was on the packhorse. I pulled the string of provisions that lifted the wooden latch, and shoved the door towards, held my breath, clasped my teeth.

And there he was, stretched out on a crude bunk bunk, covered with a sheet that was stained with dried blood. On the floor was a patch of blood that had soaked into the earth, but was still moist. A hairy arm, stained with blood, hung down from the bed, and just beneath the fingers was a post-handled blade stuck in the floor. It was stained red. The head of the dead man hung crookedly over the edge of the bunk, showing chesty things, and the face looked but not more.

I threw in my towel, but could not take my eyes away for seconds.

It was the first time I'd looked on a dead human, and the sight was far too shocking to leave me unmoved. After perhaps a half dozen seconds I threw backwards over my shoulder "When did you find him like this, Minna?"

There was no answer.

I looked around. The woman was gone.

I crept out of the back chamber, backwards, and shut the door. She was not in the kitchen. I heard footsteps from the back of the house, and ran to the open back door.

She was mounted on Daisy Bell, chasing Bob the packhorse away with a stockwhip.

I yelled. She turned the horse, and glanced back at me, and I stood there still suffering from shock "You wait there. I'm gone for help!"

Then she stabbed Daisy Bell with the single spur, and was galloping along the gorge towards its junction with the plain.

I started after the packhorse and then got a vision of myself chasing a woman through the scrub in cold gullies' country, and the perfume for whom she'd killed the settler taking a shot at me from cover, and removing a witness for the Crown—the only witness.

I stood awhile and odd reason told me to go back to the house and sit down and think my meal, wait till they came back, which ought to convince anybody of my innocence.

So I went back on shaky pins to the back kitchen and sat on the slab form with my back to the wall of back and poles, and tried to think, the sea that was left in the pantheon. When I went for a puff I dropped the pantheon from my shaking hand into the fire.

Back at the table I tried to think,

but couldn't see anything except the lanterns put on my trunk, shining me back to the Harvard. I'd half made up my mind to try to reach the Police Station at Martinsville, and give the information to the Sergeant there, when a movement of the back door of the death room caught my eye.

My hair seemed to leap right off my head. The shade curved my eyebrows and left me stiff with fear. While I watched, paralyzed, the muzzle of a rifle was poked slowly through the opening between the door and the wall. This was followed by the red-mounted head and shoulders of the dead man. When the rifle was pointing straight at me, the corpse stepped into the kitchen, and stood erect, a thin old man with a scrappy, grey beard, where it wasn't stained red. He was holding a magazine rifle as a kangaroo shooter does at the moment when he is within range and is waiting for the 'ree to stand still before sighting on him.

I shivered, affrighted, at his eyes, little, redish punkles with a dull glow in them, and remembered that the woman had said he was hairy.

I was still frozen with horror when the upperman spoke: "Not still, an' you won't get hurted none," he said, in a shrill treble. "She's gurn for fancy men, but as I planned for her to be, the trick. They'll come back to bury me, an' I'll finish 'em both. I knowed she was to-ee-ee with one of 'em, but I couldn't find out which, though I found 'em. So I kills a micky in the scrub, catches the blood in a bucket, splashes it about a bit, d'y' see, an' puts the pluck on the washpage where I'll look like I've cut me throat from ear to ear, an' wads under the sheet till the corpse, as with the breakfast to make me in the mornin' d' y' see. She lets

out a yell, drops the plate, an' bolts to fetch her horse, which I heard her tell: 'you won't be out. She wants to go straight to her fancy bloke, d' y' see, an' fetch him here. The blife. That's what I committed suicide for, d' y' see! Y' can't beat an old hand for hushin' a thing like that out, son."

While he was talking he was loading the rifle, with the barrel pointed my way. He sat down on the step that led from the bedroom to the passage, and with the shift of the light on him I could see his eyes glitter with madness. He was hairy all right, but he knew how to use a rifle.

I decided to try to talk him out of it. "What will you do when they get back?" I asked.

He snickered helplessly, and I saw a red tinge in the little eyes.

"I got ten shots in the magazine," he said. "I'll put a couple in each, to make sure. The others'll do for some 'you carry out orders, son."

Another speech hit me like a bolt. "Orders?" I said. "What have I got to do with it?"

"You're the one that carries 'em," he said. "I got a crook back since I got fell on by a horse. I can't use anything heavier than a rifle. You bury 'em. Then you won't get hurted none. I got a pluck an' shovel in the back room, three."

The ghost sat there on the step, showing tobacco, and spitting the juice in the dust of the earth floor, ghastly with his head smeared with self's blood.

I could see myself helping while the hounds committed double murder and then stood over me while I dug their grave and rolled them into it. The only thing I could do was to shout a warning when they approached the door. He'd shoot.

Nothing more. He was mad, and in the murder mood. But if I dashed under the table before . . .

No. The way he held the rifle told me he was an expert. He'd get me under the table or over it. Baulked of his grey hair take it out on the stranger who baulked him.

He sat there and watched me out of those little red eyes.

And at last I heard the distant hoofbeats, steadily drawing nearer, and now Old Man Death ran to his feet, the rifle held at the ready. A sideways glance at me, only twelve feet from the awe of his gaze. He spat tobacco juice and seemed to settle himself on his spread feet. Not ten feet from the door through which they'd come.



"You keep quiet," he said, in a deadly tone.

The footboards drew nearer and nearer on the track that passed the house in front. A wild hope kept into my brain that they would come in through the open front door, and throw down Death to turn his back to me and give me a chance to throw the tin plate at his head and upset his car while I jumped from down behind.

But no such luck. I heard them gallop through the opening of the driveway and pull up outside the back door. There was silence for a few moments, apparently while they were moving to the house.

Then I heard them outside the door, the voice of the woman, and that of a man.

"Don't come in! He's waiting to kill you with a gun!" I yelled in a strangled scream.

The madman spat a stream of tobacco juice, raised the rifle to his shoulder and took slow and deliberate aim at my chest as Heeler crept silently from the step behind him and slipped him roughly on each heel in turn. Heeler made no sound.

Old Man Death dropped his gun. I jumped and caught it up, and covered him with it while he hopped round on the floor, feeling his heels and cursing.

Heeler crouched between him and me, keeping him at a safe distance.

The world was spinning round me as I backed towards the door and lifted the latch with a hand behind me, and covered Old Man Death with the rifle, while Heeler worked him towards me as though he were a buffalo that had had a lunge from a good cattle dog and wanted to go where the dog wanted him to go. He had his hands in the air and his red eyes on the dog, and he kept lifting

his feet like a horse with the string-halls.

When we were all outside I spoke over my shoulder to the pair whom I had saved.

There was no answer.

The madman spoke, shrill, sharp, angry.

"They've gone! Closed! Vanished! Him an' his! Both of 'em!"

I worked myself round him as I could see without giving him a chance to jump me in case he was trying something. Then I saw that it was true. They'd gone, both on our horses, apparently, when I shouted to warn them. They'd streaked away, leaving Daisy Bell lathered with sweat, still digging from like soap suds, as she stood with legs apart, breathing in gasps.

"Watch him, Heeler," I said to the dog, and Heeler gave me a grin which was an assurance that he'd see that the madman kept his place. He walked round him, white teeth showing, eyes eager for a chance to try them, while I filled the oil drums from the well, rubbed down Daisy, packed the remainder of the corn beef and potatoes in my huckaback, and tossed the corpse's rifle down the well. I climbed aboard Daisy, with my own rifle in one hand, and said to the dog, "Good 'm, boy!"

Heeler darted in, gave Bah, the packhorse, a start, and fell swiftly on his belly to let the flying heaven pass over his head.

As I rode past the front of the well-lubbed back house towards the Panachee, Old Man Death peered his head out of a window and watched us.

"Next time I come across that damn dog, I'll shoot him," he threatened.

Heeler showed his teeth in a soundless laugh and looked at me as much as to say, "Oh, yeah!"



"I've never gone the full 28 holes—it always gets dark before I finish."

Cavalcade Comment

By
our callow
correspondent
Hargrave



HOLLYWOOD, WHICH HAS ALREADY PRESENTED US WITH THE INDOUBTABLE DELIGHTS OF 3-D, THE STAGGERING STEPPENDOUS BURGE OF STEREOSCOPIC-SOUND,



AS WELL AS THE FEEBLESS PASSION OF PANORAMIC PLEA-FUTIDE



BUT NOW IT SEEMS, WE CAN EXPECT EVEN—



MISS WILLIAMS DIVING INTO, AS WELL AS OUT OF THE SCREEN....



OR MAYBE THE ALL COLOUR, ALL SOUND, ALL STEREO, ALL ROUND



ATMOSPHERICS WILL LEAVE US LITTLE TO LOOK FORWARD TO



EXCEPT, POSSIBLY, OBSTRAIGHT AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION.

STRANGER

and Stranger



CIGARETTE SAYER

A cigarette case with a time lock on it to prevent the owner from smoking too much has been invented by a man in U.S.A. There is a watch mechanism in the bottom of the case which keeps it locked for regular periods determined by the owner. The watch movement is stopped when the case is opened, so that the time limit cannot be shortened by keeping the case open. The inventor claims that, by this means, a man cannot get a cigarette "fix" about realizing one if your time has not expired."

SYNTHETIC SINGER

Massachusetts University's electric brain has been taught to sing "God Save the Queen." No, it is not done by means of a recording hidden in the machine. The brain was given a coded version of the song, which it proceeded to interpret, and then constructed the necessary waveform to give effect to its interpretation. The brain can also diagnose trouble inside itself and report exactly what has gone wrong. Now they are working on the brain in an effort to teach it to replace faulty mechanism within itself.

SPORTING SPECIALIST

The editor-in-chief of a leading newspaper in U.S.A. bowed out his sports writers for their inability in

picking winners at the race meetings. Any horse, he contended, is exactly as good as his heart. He could easily pick the winner of any race if he were supplied in advance with an x-ray of the horses' hearts. He stated he would prove it by selecting the winner of the Kentucky Derby. So he sent a reporter to Kentucky to take the necessary pictures. The reporter could not get them, but, rather than risk the editor's anger, he took the required number of x-rays of the heart of an innocent nag, wrote the name of a Derby entrant on each photo and pasted them to his boss. The editor made his selection from the photographs, had it inserted in the newspaper—and it won! He still does not know of the trick played on him.

SAVING SWEAT

A Los Angeles business man has invented a hospital bed that will save nurses a lot of work. The bed is so equipped that a patient can pull his every wrist and arrange his own comfort by the pressing of various buttons on a panel alongside the bed. He can warm the bed, lift the necking under his head, swing a bed pan out from under, run up a wash basin (with hot and cold water). Now can he control only the bed. Other buttons adjust the windows, shades and lights in the room. Who wants a job as a nurse?



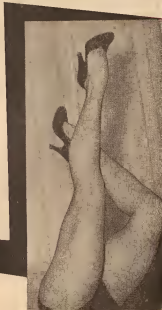
"He has my confidence, admiration, and respect . . .
in other words, I don't like him."



leg- endary legs

Lustrous legs are always attractive—and very expressive. The owner of this pair says she can tell a story with her legs, and, judging by the look of these limbs, it would be a perfect story. Here she is, portraying a worldly woman. Her legs are reputed to be the most beautiful in the world. Who is she? No, not Dietrich or Betty Grable. She is ballerina, Colette Marchand.

Here is another view of Colette's limbs. They certainly are perfect. Colette made her film debut in "Mexican Rhapsody" and proved to be as good an actress as she is a dancer. With those expressive legs she could steal many a scene. Here she is telling of an exhilarating flight upward—a ballerina's fulfillment of the inspired idealist. Would it be break into the conversation?





Here is the rest of her—and the rest is every bit as good as the legs. Look at that little beep, that bewee-ful face. It was stated on page 52 that her legs can tell a story. That's correct. With those gorgeous legs she can delineate every dramatic pose and every delicate nuance—without words.

pointers

to better health



INDIGESTION

Indigestion is very common with people in all conditions—even trained athletes. It may be due to simple factors, it may be a symptom of some deep-seated trouble. The chief causes are: Unbalanced diet; constipation; eating too quickly; irregular eating; eating when galled or fatigued; insufficient restlessness, exercising too soon after a meal; eating too much; eating with a cramped stomach, i.e., not sitting up straight when eating. Meals should be taken at the same time each day and at regular intervals. Nothing should be eaten between meals. If you correct your bad eating habits and you still suffer from indigestion, see your doctor.

BRAIN SURGERY

Experiments are being made in man centered palsy, epilepsy and other brain life, by the removal of abnormal brain cells by surgery so that their functions may be taken over by the nearby healthy cells. Dr. Robert W. Doty, of Clark University, is in charge of experiments. So far these experiments have only been made on cats. Sections of the visual centers of the brains of cats have been removed and Dr. Doty noted the speed with which the brain reorganized and new cells learned

their duties of those which were lost. Dr. Doty hopes it will not be long before similar operations are performed on humans in order to cure brain diseases and brain injury.

NEW NOSES

Dr. Joel Peasemon, of the California University, has developed a new technique in making new, or remodeling crushed noses. He uses a fibrous mesh—a fine metallic screen—which can be moulded and implanted within the nose to take the place of crushed nasal bone. In time, fibrous tissue grows into the mesh, firmly bound the metal implant. In some cases a small sheet of tendon is used instead of the mesh. The fibrous tissue tends to form a firm basis for the shape of the nose, so that the metal sheet may later be removed.

DIET FOR FALSE TEETH

Even false teeth need a good diet, according to Dr. Dorothea F. Rodenrich, of Minnesota School of Dentistry. This is because diet affects the gums and bone around the teeth. She says: "We all need to eat lightly nutritious meat, milk, eggs, butter, fruit, vegetables and whole grains and enriched cereals in proper quantities. We should all use sparingly the various kinds of sweets."

From the blood-stained pages of past history there are few stories of a woman's revenge as dark as that of Parysatis.



Her Persian Claws

. . . . were sharp

CUNNING and cruelty combined to make Parysatis a powerful force in the city of Perses, ancient Persia. When she laid her cunning in her grasp, she displayed her own special talent—a talent for devising heart-breaking tortures.

The most savage of her personal punishments against those she hated arose from the clash between her two eldest sons, Artabanus and Cyrus. Artabanus was heir to the throne but his mother conspired to have Cyrus, her favorite, given the crown.

Unaware by her efforts, the old

king Darius, on his deathbed, had Artabanus proclaimed king and gave Cyrus the job of setting up Lydis, a post which would keep him away from Perses.

Before long Cyrus was plotting with his mother to kill his brother. When the king went on a pilgrimage to a temple at Pasargada, where priests were to hold a ceremony to consecrate his kingship, Cyrus lay in wait in the temple. But an lightning struck the king and Cyrus was apprehended.

Artabanus was about to put his brother to death when Parysatis rushed forward, wrapped her arms around Cyrus, and pleaded for his life. Moved by her eloquence, the king set Cyrus free.

Cyrus was far from grateful. He wasted no time in raising an army, including such fighting contingents from Persia, and marched almost to Babylon before Artabanus decided to act.

"You have saved the life of Cyrus on the and that he might plunge us all in war and trouble," Queen Statira said bitterly.

Statira was a beautiful woman, well-loved by the king, and popular with the people.

Parysatis was already jealous of her influence with the king and, after the argument on the eve of battle, she lured Statira for destruction at the earliest opportunity.

The king met Cyrus at a place called Cawasa, near Babylon, and surprised him with the speed and unswerving efficiency of his attack.

Cyrus plunged into the fray on his horse searching out his brother. He broke through the king's body-guard, drove his lance with such force that he fell from his horse. The lance struck the king in the chest, penetrating his armor and inflicting a deep, but not fatal wound.

Securing a new mount, he seized his distinguishing lance, Cyrus rode back into the action. A young Persian, Mithridates, running by his side but not knowing who he was, flung a dart at Cyrus which entered one of his temples near his eye. Blood gushed out and Cyrus crashed from his horse.

Mithridates secured the blood-stained trappings from the horse.

When Cyrus came to, he was helped

to his feet by some of his followers. Too dizzy to ride, he was being supported as he walked, when a handsome Carian camp-follower ran up behind him and cut open the vein under his knee. Cyrus fell again, this time sending his wounded temple on a rock, and died.

The news of his brother's death was brought to the king. Mithridates produced the trappings from the horse. Mithridates, the king's servant, cut off the head of Cyrus and delivered it to his master. Baring it by the hair, the king displayed it about the battlefield. This ended the fight, and Artabanus retired victorious.

The king was overjoyed. He caused the story to be spread that he had killed Cyrus by his own hand when they met in personal combat.

But he rewarded lavishly the three men involved in the death of his opponent, with the king understanding that the gifts were to buy their silence. The previously silent ward to the poor Carian who had hamstringed Cyrus, Mithridates whose dart had pierced his temple, and Mithridates who had cut off his head.

The queen mother set out on a relentless campaign of revenge. The Carian was the first.

He was derided by the riches bestowed on him and his capacity got the better of his common sense. Mithridates had been given the greatest rewards and thus led the Carian to make a foolish claim that it was he and he alone that had killed Cyrus. The king, angered by the fact the man was making at a time when he wanted the world to believe he had killed Cyrus himself, ordered that the Carian be beheaded.

The king headed the Carian over to the tender mercies of the queen mother. Her torturers were instructed,

and they were carefully reported in their work by Parysatis, to stretch the Carica on the rack for ten days, then take out his eyes, and drop molten brass into his ears till he died.

The Carica disposed of, Parysatis turned her attention to Mithridates. She set a trap.

Mithridates was lured to a feast. He went dressed in the richest and golden ornaments he had procured from the king. The servants of Parysatis plied him with drink. They poisoned him, infused his ears, till, tiring with wine, he began to loze.

"I am worthy of much greater gifts than these for what I did that day on the battlefield," he said.

One of the servants scoffed: "There wasn't anything remarkable about finding some trappings that had slipped from a horse and giving them to the king."

"I was the man who killed Cyrus, I and no one else," cried Mithridates.

Parysatis reported to the king what Mithridates had said. The death sentence passed, she arranged for Mithridates a shortly before known to the Persians as "the head."

It consisted of putting Mithridates in one head-shaped box and clamping another of the same size on top. His head, hands and feet were left outside. Before his body was sealed in, it was drenched in a mixture of milk and honey. Then the mixture was also smeared over his face.

Before long his face, exposed to the blinding sun, was covered with myriads of flies. Inside the box poison, filth, ants, and other vermin were attracted by the milk and honey. Gradually they began to eat him alive, hurrowing into his flesh.

It took Mithridates 17 days of incredible suffering to die.

Altering now at getting Mithridates in her power, she prepared another of her traps. Challenging the king to play dice for 1000 talents, she let him win and paid up immediately, acting as if she were greatly concerned at her loss.

Longingly, she asked for her revenge and suggested that the king be a servant. The king agreed.

Parysatis made sure that the king was and demanded that Mithridates be delivered to her. Not suspecting her intention, the king sent her to her.

The servant was handed to the executioners with some more of Parysatis's detailed instructions. He was layed down, his body placed on those stakes, and his arms stretched on to other stakes nearby.

The king was angry when he discovered what had happened and reproached her for what she had done. But Parysatis knew how to handle her son. She laughed at his reproaches, asking him what sort of a king he was to be worrying about the death of one "useless servant" when she had lost 1000 talents of gold but was not making a fuss about it.

Realizing he had been duped, the king had the matter brushed up. But the anger of his wife, Statira, brought her upon into conflict with the queen-mother who decided that the time was ripe to dispose of the fourth and last victim on her list.

For Statira she chose a nice slow poison. The question was, how to administer it. The two women, she together from the same dishes and from the same parts of them to make sure that one could not poison the other.

The queen-mother was equal to the occasion. She secured one side of the next knife with poison and left

the other side unpoisoned. When she placed a piece of meat, she gave to Statira the portion tainted with the venom.

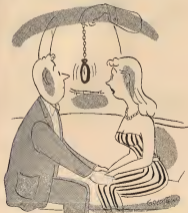
Dying in terrible agony, Statira accused Parysatis before the king, who was at last roused to action against his mother. He put all her servants on the rack, and sentenced her favorite woman servant, Gura, to death for her part in the crime.

But the king could not bring him-

self to harm his mother. Her punishment was banishment to Babylon.

So great was her hold over him that before many years had passed, he was reconciled to her and she returned to keep herself in his favor by humoring him in everything he desired.

There is no evidence that she paid for her crimes, or died from any other cause but old age.



The Mexican earthquake killed 50,000 in the first 10 seconds and cost the lives of forty per cent of the population.

THOUSANDS . . .



... died in seconds

ATHOL TROMBAY

As the American steamship "Washington" sailed through the straits of Mazatlan, early in the morning of December 21, 1905, the captain felt the ship give a jolting lurch under her keel. He was about to sound the alarm, expecting to find that his vessel was splintered on some treacherous shoal, when he noticed that they were sailing smoothly on.

It had been a quiet wave rolling

underneath the hull, the captain realized, and he knew enough about the Mexican straits to worry about the cause of it.

Shortly afterwards, as he brought his ship into Mazatlan harbor, he saw that his hunch had been right. The shores of Italy and Sicily loomed on the narrow strip of water between them, had been brutally reared by an earthquake. Before his eyes and that of the silent ship's crew, Mazatlan, the

prosperous capital of Sinaloa, lay in its own blazing funeral pyre.

The whole shoreline was hidden in a fog-like haze of dust and smoke, while flames licked angrily out of the maw, as they devoured the ruins of Mazatlan. About 90 of every hundred buildings had been reduced to a pile of rubbish by a great earth-quake shock which had crumpled underneath, outwards in a circle, from some point under the sea off-shore.

On the levee and streets of pre-war Mazatlan, commercial buildings and crowded houses nothing remained. In 10 seconds the quake had utterly destroyed every building on the shore area except the Archbishop's Palace and two banks.

As hundreds after hundreds of terrified sailors went ashore to help the stricken city, they turned their heads away from the festering bodies that bumped against the bows of the ships. The sea had risen up into a curling wave that completed the destruction the quake had started, and the harbor was choked with grisly wreckage.

The worst time of the shock was recorded in observations all over Europe. It was 5 hours, 20 minutes and 21 seconds after midnight—exactly after 24 hours Greenwich mean time. By dawn the world knew tragedy had befallen the city. Warships raced immediately from ports all over the Mediterranean—British, Italian, German and Russian.

As rescuers picked their way into the city they heard no sound but the weeping and screaming of the thousands of injured trapped under every building. In other streets there was nothing but an endless silence, broken by the soft splash of rain which started soon after the shock.

Farther away from the center of

the city hundreds of survivors stumbled aimlessly, many shocked into madness by the suddenness of the quake. Many were ill-dressed, and others were stark naked.

Loss of life was fantastic. Over 50,000 of the total population of 100,000 perished in Mazatlan alone, while another 12,000 were crushed to death in the provinces. Over 40% of the population were slain.

There were bodies underneath every pile of rubble, in every street, in every corner. With them were those still living, screaming unheard for release.

As soon as the news reached Rome, King Victor Emmanuel left for Sicily. In the days that followed he and his Queen toiled side by side with relief and hospital workers. The King made a personal gift of 200,000 lire to buy food and clothing for the 120,000 homeless.

It took two days to piece the most fragmentary of stories together, for the survivors could give no coherent account of it. One group of shivering, naked Mazatlanians were found wandering aimlessly 30 miles away across the island, with not the slightest idea of how they got there.

The British Consul, Mr. Ogden, gave one of the first personal accounts. He and his family were sleeping on the top floor of a tall building where they lived when the city was destroyed. His wife rescued him and told the Consul to bring their infant daughter to safety while she sheltered their other children downstairs in safety.

Then the roof fell in as he held the baby in his arms, and he fell with the force of momentum. An hour and a half later he recovered consciousness to find himself staggering about the town square, still clutching the child. His wife and other children

lay buried under the piles of stone and timber.

Rogues Rango, a Public Official, was one of the hundreds of survivors from the plumb Hotel Trinacra. He was swallowed by an unearthly rumble and a tremendous flash of lightning. As he dugged himself up from sleep the first shock nearly threw him out of bed! As he put his feet to the floor the building was torn to pieces, and he fell underneath the wreckage, unconscious. When he recovered he was pinned under tons of rubble. Over his face was draped a heavy carpet. Undaunted, he chewed through it with his teeth until he had a large enough hole to shove through for help and rescue.

Rogues, across the strait on the mainland of Italy, was another war-torn city. Here, the entire city had been thrown about and dumped in a different shape. The center of the town had dropped below sea level and was under water, while there were hills a short distance away which had not been there minutes before.

A workman, heading for his job in Messina, was just stepping on to the ferry at Reggio when the shock struck. The water suddenly rushed away, dumping the ferry a foot to the harbor floor, and then swept back with such force that it tore the wheel to pieces and threw the ferry on top of it.

Among the dead was the American consul and his family. In the ruins of the Hotel Trinacra were found the bodies of several women who had jumped out the windows to certain death.

Investigation by rescue parties showed that for 11 miles round Messina the ground had been torn up

and the outline of the landscape altered beyond recognition. Churns sat across the ground, railway tracks were scattered like spaghetti over the fields, and roads lay marked. Farms were wrecked, and the plights of one local mayor, who sent a telegram to Rome, was common to many. He remained because his town had vanished completely.

Many had strange escapes. In Messina, Professor Filici found himself sitting in the ruins of a large apartment house completely protected by his bed, which had curved in and formed a tiny cell. Another man was dug out alive after eight days' imprisonment without food or water. A baby survived four days' burial.

Inevitably, gangs of looters ravaged the town and for weeks parties shot on sight. The bodies of these robbers were added to the huge piles of dead, whose only burial was to be shovelled with quicklime, dumped on ships and barges, and sunk in the sea miles off Sicily.

Prizing pieces of relief work opened the pinches of charity all over the world. Every European country contributed food, clothing, and funds. As the ships sailed in to the ravaged cities of Messina and Reggio hundreds of starving, unaccommodable destitutes swarmed round them, bearing bread and water.

The disaster was an example of the need for the Red Cross and other busy distress-cold organizations, for then there was no maned force ready to move into action at an hour's notice. The 1908 row was that it was no place for a woman. Even the "Times" correspondent observing that "only nurses are more a hindrance than a help to the authorities." How wrong were those words has been proved since.



"David is an awfully nice person — when he's single."

S

aucy sirens



of the Silver screen

S

such films as "A Woman on Trial," "Three Sinners," "Loves of an Artist," "The Secret Hour."

After the screen learned to talk she made "A Woman Commands," but though she knew how to use her voice she encountered difficulties of language and pronunciation. In 1933 she retired from the screen and returned to Europe to live.

In 1935 she emerged from retirement to do a supporting role in "Bill Doodle Diddle," filmed from the Broadway musical, and did it very well. A few years ago, living in the U.S., she wrote her autobiography, "As Much as I Care," but she didn't dare say so.

When a rising star she quenched a rivalry. In that era glamer queens married trifles, but Pola married three: a baron, a count and a prince.

Another man in her life was Valentino. He was reported to be madly in love with Pola at the time of his death, and she was supposed to be the mysterious Woman in Black who made unnecessary pilgrimages to his death.

On the day of Valentino's burial she found 30 news photographers waiting outside her house when she went forth to attend the funeral. They thought she would have made a more impressive entrance and asked her to go back and do it again.

And with the unapproachable air of a majestic colossus she obligingly did so.

WITH sex appeal a basic commodity of the screen, there have been four principal types of actress: the Venus, created by Theda Bara, the It girl, exemplified by Clara Bow, the Gough girl, typified by Ann Sheridan, and the clean-lined, modern pulchritude, emanating from Betty Grable to Marilyn Monroe.

Pola Negri belonged to the vamp era. The prodigious Pola reigned in the '20s, and though her reign was not long she was magnificent while it lasted.

Aged 34 now, she was born in Poland and dedicated to the Russian Imperial Ballet.

After her dancing days the pretty Polish creature, still a young lass, became a dramatic actress on the stage in Europe. She appeared in a few films, too, one of which, "Fascination," was directed by Ernst Lubitsch in Germany a couple of years before he went to Hollywood. She was about 21 then, and it was "Fascination," in 1920, that introduced Pola Negri to America.

Quickly she was a great star, a veritable diva, dark, slinky, stylish, deep-lidded, smouldering, conveying peering passion, hinting of the untold ardor of a temptress.

In Hollywood she flourished in



Whenever a sportsman dies, a cry is raised, "Sport is killing our youth!"

should

SPORT be BANNED

?

RAY MITCHELL

SPORT, in various forms, has existed from the beginning of time and it is a safe bet that it always will exist. The day sport is eliminated the world will be sicker, with not a breath of life in the Universe.

There are three forms of thought regarding sport. There are people who treat sport as a religion. To these it is the most important feature of life. A second group is the moral smiths in its sleeve. They regard sport as a waste of time, as a means of destroying youth by death or injuries incurred in their sport or sports. Finally, there is the third

group to which all national teams belong—the group which says sport is essential to the welfare of the community.

Sport is not the beginning and end of existence. Other things are of equal value and, in certain instances and events, these things must take precedence. But, in all phases of life, in all stages of world economy in peace or in war, sport is essential, even if relegated to "background" training and recreation.

But the greatest value of sport comes in the physical fitness which is necessary in order to become alert

at the sport chosen. Physical culture has many beneficial effects on the body. Briefly, it circulates the blood correctly, assists the breathing, creates stamina, sharpens the reflexes, aids digestion, develops the chest, develops poise, strengthens the back, squares the shoulders, tones up the system and corrects various physical defects.

This means good health, which shows not only in the well-being of the persons indulging in physical culture, but in the welfare of future generations. It also means clearer thinking—something that is needed in these days of threatened peace. Actually physical culture should be known as "physical and mental culture."

Of the benefits of physical culture, let us deal fully with only one aspect—reflexes. The other points are self-explanatory and need no elaboration.

To get a true picture of the word "reflexes" a definition is necessary. The dictionary states "Noting the involuntary action of the motor nerves under a stimulus from the sensory nerves."

To understand this, one must understand the brain's relation to the muscles of the body. The brain can be likened to a radio. Every movement we make is controlled by the brain.

We step off a pavement into the path of an oncoming car. What happens? We see the car, after we step on the road. It is very close. A message is conveyed to the brain to move the body out of the way. The brain, in turn, sends a message to the muscles of the legs to move back. How fast we move depends on the co-ordination between brain and muscles.

In other words, our reflexes act

A well-trained man sharpens his reflexes. The co-ordination between mind and matter, developed by physical culture, makes both work as fast as to appear instantaneous.

The difference between a trained athlete and an untrained one is manifest in boxing perhaps more than in any other sport, because of the added knock on both boxes will get.

A fit boxer sees an opening. Immediately he lands a punch on the unprotected spot. The position is reversed. A boxer throws a punch at his opponent, who is fit and trained for the fight. The latter's reflexes act quickly, so that his actions appear involuntary. He ducks the punch, or parries it, or slips it or he counters it.

An untrained boxer sees a punch coming his way. He tries to slip it, but, too late he realizes that he did not train for the best in hand. The punch connects. Similarly, the untrained boxer sees an opening, but, by the time the punch is thrown, the opening has gone—and his opponent has scored a blow of his own.

The people who deny sport cite as an argument against it the deaths and injuries which occur. A footballer gets a broken leg; a conductor is struck by a badly a boxer suffers a fractured nose. These things are unavoidable and are present in all forms of life — particularly in the home, and more particularly in the bathroom and kitchen.

Boxing suffers more from public opinion and less from injuries than most other sports. People who do not know, or have read something about fighters of the past, state that boxers are punch-drunk. Hollywood does not help boxing any by showing films of punch-drunk fighters, portrayed by actors who have got that way from watching one fight on



A N absent-minded professor was awakened at 2 a.m. by the ringing of the telephone. "Hello," said the caller, "in that case, case, case, one?" The sleep-eyed professor replied: "No. It is eleven, eleven." The caller apologized. "So sorry to disturb you with a wrong number." The professor promised. "That's O.K. I had to get up to answer the phone."

intoxicated. Hollywood shows films of brutal, bloody brawls, which for camera trickery, are masterpieces. The actors really do not receive a punch. Filmmakers see these scenes and think they have seen a "disappointing" brawl. That is the extent of the "knowledge" of boxing of the people who say the sport should be banned.

In the dark past, fighters fought on and on until their brains became scrambled. They took horrible punishment for fight after fight until the brain was so bruised and there were so many ruptured blood cells in the brain, that the boxers lost their equilibrium, power of thought, part of their sight and speech.

But in these days, if a boxer is showing any one of these signs of punch-drunkness, he is not used any more. The stadium doctor will not give him.

A fit boxer will not suffer these injuries to the brain. And an unfit boxer will not get far enough in the

press to be attractive to the promoters, so, after a few trials, he is not used.

Deaths? Sure, there are deaths in every sport. They cannot be avoided. But the strange thing about it is that every time a boxer dies, it makes front page news. A public outcry against the sport is raised. Yet, if a speedway racer, a footballer or a motorcycle racer, a few times appear in the papers in the form of a speed-filing news item. The unfortunate would thus get the impression that boxing is more dangerous than other sports. Far from it. Let us examine some figures.

Dr. Thomas A. Gonsky, chief medical examiner of New York in 1931 released some enlightening facts. He stated that from 1915 to 1929, boxing deaths in New York State amounted to 24, football deaths to 22, and baseball deaths to 41. He said: "Thirty-two years of boxing competition have produced fewer deaths in proportion to the number of participants than soccer in football and football and far fewer deaths than result daily from accidents."

"From these facts it can be seen that the moral and physical benefits derived from boxing far outweigh the dangers inherent in it or any other competitive sport."

The report also stated that other sports resulted: Basketball, 7; handball, 4; wrestling, 1; soccer, 4; cricket, golf, polo and relay races, one each. It did not mention horse racing or other sports.

That report was for New York State alone. What about the rest of the world? In the Universe there are over 1,000 active professional boxers and many thousands of amateurs. If each pro boxer had 18 fights each year (and that is a conservative estimate—some have less, but even have

many more) that would mean there are 324,000 boxing contests every year.

Yet, in the past eight years, there have been 186 deaths in the combined ranks of amateurs and pros, the whole world over. As, on the 300,000 figure per year, there would be 1,800,000 fights in pro ranks alone, in that eight years, there has been one death for every 18,000 fights, or one death for every 240 boxers who enter the professional ring.

One thing which has an important bearing on ring deaths is that no physically fit boxer ever died as a result of his last fight. If a fit boxer dies, it is the result of the accumulation of much punishment over many fights. Most deaths occur to boxers who, through some physical defect, should never be in the ring. A ring, still perhaps. Where amateurs have died it is because of a physical defect. Roughly one-third of ring deaths are amateurs.

Throughout the world, in 1930, there were ten times the amount of deaths in football as there were in boxing, and these deaths represented a greater proportion than in boxing. But there was no public outcry to ban football. Nor should there be. It is a manly sport.

Speedway racing in Europe consisted of 16 more deaths than boxing and football combined throughout the world. Motor cycling speedways kill more mortals than boxing or football but no headlines. So why the outcry against boxing, the world's oldest pastime?

Sports do not produce near the amount of fatalities of motor accidents on the road. It is a fact that motor accidents throughout the world produce thousands of times more deaths every DAY than all sports combined produce every YEAR.

Proposed? There are about 30,000,000,000 people in the world and a great number of these do not see motor cars. Statistics state that someone dies from a car accident every five seconds, so that it can be seen that sports deaths are as incidental in proportion as to be insignificant.

We are automobile accidents the only killer of life. Accidents in the home, or other forms of transport, murders and diseases are great killers. To my knowledge of warfare. With regard to disease and disease, if everyone played sport, there would be room for more patients in hospitals. And, if sports were abolished, hospitals would not cope with all the sickness which would result — nor would there be sufficient police to cope with the added crime.

The people who deny boxing have never seen a boxing contest in a stadium. Yet they want it banned, while they tolerate other sports such as cricket (a grand game) as being the pastime of "brawling fools." Yet there have been deaths in cricket, and in golf, tennis and all other sports. So, if we ban boxing, we must also ban cricket, football, polo, speedway racing, horse racing, speedway racing, cycling, surfing, wrestling, basketball, basketball, hockey and every other form of sporting activity.

And, of course, we would have to ban all cars, aeroplanes, ships, trains, buses and other means of transport — except, perhaps, the wheelbarrow.

Having done this, we would have to stay home and play chess. And even in chess, a death has been recorded. As a chess player of many years I take my life in my hands every time I get out my board and chessmen!

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KOTH KING THE ROBBER'S RUNNER

BY SYDNEY OCKENDEN.
 DRAWN BY PHIL BELBIN.



TRUCK IS LATE. KATH
BEGINNING TO GET
FRANZOSEL TO MEET
WAL ON THE CORNER.



WHILE KATH WATCHES
TRUCK THE REST OF THE
CITY KEEPS ON THE MOVE.



KATH STILL SUSPECTED
BY HER DISCOVERY
THAT SOMEONE INTO
TRUCK'S CAR. AS THE
CAR PULLS AWAY
SOMEONE HAD IT.



THAT GIRL THINKS THIS
IS A TRAP!

I'LL NEVER WANT
ON A CORNER
AGAIN.



YOU'RE EARLY. IT DOESN'T
SEEM TO WANT ANYONE
TAKING THIS AND WATCH
YOURSELF.



BEFORE KATH CAN DECIDE
THE STRANGER TALKS
THE SMALL PARCEL UNDER
HER ARM.



TELLER CLIVE KATH'S
STORY. SHE'S TOLD
THE PARCEL IS THE
BODY OF THE GUY AS
THEY WERE TO GO
FOR BURNER.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER
AND THE WIFE
WANT TO ENJOY
THEMSELVES AND



IN AND KATH'S ON HIS
LEAVING HER
HOLDING A VERY
CURIOUS BAG.



HELLO THERE, KATH!
SORRY TO BE LATE.



AFTER A LONG NIGHT
OUT KATH IS ABOUT
TO GO INTO BED WHEN
SOMEONE'S THE
PARCEL -- STILL IN
TRUCK'S CAR.



SOMEONE THE PARCEL!
I'LL GET IT SOMETIME.



SAM REALIZES THAT SOMEBODY IS IN HIS TRUCK AND IS WAITING AT THAT CORNER AND THAT IT WAS A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. CURIOSITY BEGINS TO WORK.



REALLY, UNABLE TO KEEP SHE DECIDES TO RING TRUCK ANYWAY, BUT



TRUCK MUST BE A GOOD CLOSER. HE COULDN'T ANSWER.



INSIDE TRUCK'S FLAT THE TELEPHONE RINGS, BUT HE ISN'T SLEEPING THERE.



OHAY, BUT WHERE'S YOUR CAR?



USING SLEEPING AS HE WEAR TRUCK TAKES AN ACH FREE FROM ONE CORNER. LATER'S FOR SELF THOUGHTS FIRST INTO ANOTHER *****



AS ONE OF HIS ATTACK, HE WAS BY TRUCK TRICK DEFENSE HIMSELF AGAINST THE OTHER.



THEY ARE EVENLY MATCHED.



DOWN, BUT NOT OUT, ONE OF THE THINGS KICKS AT THE OTHER ANGLE AND PULLS



TRUCK LOSES BALANCE AND FALLS FORWARD INTO THE HANDS OF THE OTHER WHICH WINS THE ROUND.



OHAY, BUT WHERE'S THE CAR? YOU'RE TAKING US ON A TRIP?



THE TELEPHONE WAS RINGING FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE THE MAN DECIDES THAT HE USUALLY SLEEP WOULD LAST THROUGH IT.



PURRY / HE MUST BE
BACK AND HE CAN'T
HAVE BEEN KILLED.....



DETERMINED BY WHAT
HAD HAPPENED, KATH
REFUSES TO CRY AND
CALLS THE POLICE.....



KATH GETS MOVING.....



WHEN KATH REACHES
THE DOOR, SHE FINDS A
SHOCKING SCENE, AND NO
BODY IS THERE. SHE
REALIZES NOW THAT
HER FEARS ARE WELL
FOUNDED.....



ACTING QUICKLY KATH
CALLS FOR HELP.....

POLICE HEADQUARTERS:
THIS IS KATH KING OF
THE GARFETT'S.....



FROM THE DESCRIPTION
OF TRUCK, CAR, HE
BEING REACHED TO
ROAD PATROLS.....

--GRAY SEDAN, REGIS-
TERED NUMBER--



THE POLICE TAKE OVER
TELLING KATH WHAT KATH
TELLS THEM WHAT HAS
HAPPENED.....



AND OUT ON A LONELY
ROAD, A MOTOR-CYCLE
PULLED UP TO THE TRUCK
AND BEGAN TO DRIVE.....



PULL IN THERE /
(KEEP AWAY,
COPPER)



SUDDENLY THE MAN AT
THE WHEEL OF TRUCK
HAD SWERVED ACROSS
THE ROAD.....



THE MOTOR-CYCLE COP
KNOWS HOW TO TAKE A
FALL.....



AND HE KNOWS WHAT
TO DO IN AN EMERGENCY.....





Rheumatic pains for 2 Years — Symptom-free in 4 Days!

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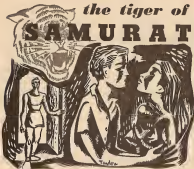
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The legend of Brer's cowardice was joined by the legend of his courage.



WE sat at little tables like islands in a grove of huge leafy palms, but our sluggish, isolated thoughts. We were drinking Bolo, or sand here with Quince in the club bar at Tanager Wooding. Ver Hook, the Doctor from the coal mine, and me.

It was over two years since I had been to those islands and I was damned glad I sailed again in two days. But this I was unaccustomed; I hadn't wasted my visit. The two-hour conversation had been secured once again, and I could go back to Australia with a nice deal in my suitcase still in my hands.

Ver Hook was an island trader. Owned one of those rusting hulks

that last forever and become as much part of their owners as the shell of a hermit crab.

"Dear born to Samurai?" he said, his faded gray eyes sliding round the hat.

The doctor looked up first, making sense with his drink on the table. "No. Always gregarious myself. I'd go . . . lot of the really wild jungle and all that . . . hell of a hole I hear . . . but beautiful. Funny how these untamed places always have a nice life on with a nice side living." He sighed.

Ver Hook clamped round a little

in his chair to look at me. "You?" he asked, not wasting words. "Ever met Brer Tanager?"

Again the doctor spoke as I let my memory of Samurai hold me.

"See how nice, the present Tanager, I mean. They're all out in the next world. The world's got no place left for cowards, phobes, and the Tanager." Again he sighed.

"Samurai Samurai," grinned Ver Hook.

I knew what he meant about the Tanager. We all did. The Tanager was the legend of these islands. The grandfather was descended from the Dutch Army in one of those scraps at the end of the nineteenth century. As a reward for distinguished service and because he loved the islands, they gave him the small island of Samurai, inhabited by blood-sucking head-hunters. It was all some kind of

game joke on him because he'd always been such a free-spirit. But, incredibly, he took the island, held it . . . loved with the head-hunters, and with their help fought off the attacks of Chinese pirates. He built his great colonial house on the third head of the Koonang River under the awful shadow of Gunung Agung, the haunted mountain.

The Samurai he brought his seven-year-old wife from the Belgian court. He had the decency to leave her at the airport while he finished off the house, but it is said that she went after him in a native guise, because she refused to be parted from him.

Of such blood was born a man and a daughter. The girl died, but the boy married and set up a legend of his own. They still tell that he could lift a pony with his clenched legs

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Only
REGULAR
guys
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a man of phenomenal strength
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man.

His son... the present, Earl Than
was the one I knew. And this
Earl Than was a small man, by the
third generation Somerset had accumu-
lated him to the size of the nose of
the island... Say he belonged to
descent as surely as he is the island's
undoubted lord.

The doctor and Ver Hesk went on
talking.

They spoke of the things I knew
they would come to... and I knew
that it was time for me to tell my
story.

"I heard he was screaming from Jay
'plumes' said the doctor, frowning.
'Getting in the wounded and he
gasped when the 'plumes' came down.
There's no denying these clouds
up the line of men. Can't see his
anesthesia doing that... as his
father, Mirale to see how he manages
to stay lord of Somerset... if that's
one thing three plumes can't stand
up to it's a coward..."

"Maybe I can explain the miracle,"
I said, "if silence ever can be ex-
plained."

It goes back to the time I saw
Earl Than run under the big
'plumes'... and to the years that
waited up inside us all. It isn't easy
to forgive a legend its best of days.

Came the end of the war and we
forgot him. He was just another of
the bitter disappointments...
another fairy story in which we
would never believe again. But...
a Than. A coward. Naturally the
story got around by bomb telegraph.
You can't keep a thing like that hidden.
If it had stayed with the whites,
it wouldn't have been so bad, but
inevitably somebody got drunk and
the brown men heard.

We didn't like his chances of going



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took. She had on a slap white dress with a line of carved green buttons down the front.

My eyes followed down against the gentle white curves. My body tensed as I realised she had been watching me drive behind her cigarette for some time. She reached out her small fire-branded hand and crushed the cigarette. My eyes went slowly up to her face. She was not smiling but her breath came in quick pants.

She leaned heavily forward in her chair so that her weight came against me. Her face with its eyelids as heavy as megaphone petals hovered near me. I stopped the arms of the chair with both hands . . . but I kissed her. We sat like that a long time . . . her face against mine. Only when I went to take my hands off the chair I realised her eyes held me there back.

Suddenly she got up carelessly and went, passing in the doorway to say, "You are late, David . . . I am rather tired. . . Mr. Walker will receive me if I leave you."

I realised then that Tess was on the verandah. I didn't really care if he had seen . . . the situation was becoming more interesting. Strangely, when I looked up at him, he was smiling, as if at some old and secret joke.

By the end of the three weeks Anna completely absorbed me . . . my body . . . my mind—like one of those carnivorous flowers that blossom in the depths of darkness. I had to have her. I made plans to take her with me somewhere. Fortunately my host hadn't turned up to time. There wouldn't be another now for a month.

I got impatient and set myself to break David Tess's sacred devotion of this island. I wanted to beguile him before Anna. I knew

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the way to read a story about an
animal like this. I began to let loose
the story of Evert Tass's adventures.

One night Anna came as usual onto
the verandah. When I would have
taken her as my arm, she stiffened.
"You know, Mr. Walker, you say like
all white men . . . you talk too
much." I grinned, thinking she was
misjudging in some type of direction.
But she held herself from me. "You
have been talking about Mykewer
Tass."

"Maybe you'd like to hear the
story," I said, suddenly irritated with
her attitude.

Her eyes looked through me. "I
already know it. . . Mykewer Tass
told me."

Looking at her, I realised it was
true! His strange confusion only
added to the riddle that was Evert
Tass.

"I think it is time you went," she
said, as if she were dismissing an
unwelcome guest. "You do much better
here. . . ." For the first time she
looked directly at me.

Tass came back then, before I
could understand her attitude. It
was as if she had never kissed me,
as if I had never held her. She had
become again the very goddess who
was Mykewer Tass.

Tass wiped the sweat from his
forehead weily. "Anna caught us
with that tiger, you know, the man-
aster that took old Hamed last week."

I switched my mind back on to
"tiger" instantly. I remembered the
pitiful news of blood and splattered
bones that had been Hamed. Some-
where out in the brushland dark a
tiger roared.

The night after, Anna did not come
to the verandah. I hadn't seen her
all day! During the heat hours he,
was worried. The old man looked
at me quickly once or twice, trying

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to remain unexpressed, but I could see the unbecoming in his slender hands. I asked where Marcia's Tann was. "She does not come back, Myshen. She went to Dyrung March the afternoon and she does not return."

Another hour went by. Eventually Tann stood nearby by the steps as usual. His whole body registered the fact that I was alone. "Where's Anna?" he said.

I told him what Durne had said. He ran swiftly inside to question the known man. When he came out he was carrying a two-berly rifle. The words shalled out of him like bullets out of a wound. "The man-enter took another woman from the hammock that morning. Anna went to get some kind of animal she's interested in."

"That you can't trust in this light," I said.

"I've got to let her know I'm here

She's afraid of the dark," he mopped. A small group of boys with light, rakes and other unidentifiable weapons had assembled unawildingly at the foot of the verandah, but under Tann's cold eye they did what he ordered.

I got my rifle.

"You don't have to come," he said. I know he didn't want me to come. I left in haste.

The sheer walls of the valley made it only a gossamer light in the rock against the faintly lighter sky. It was like the hellish gateway of a trap. Silently I waited for me. It had been ghastly enough coming through the jungle at night, knowing the shape of death might jump any one of us silently. I didn't hurry going into that narrow valley. I said, "Hurry! we better leave it all morning!"

I think he missed my fear for the

first time. He turned and grinned, but when he spoke it was only to say, "Of course we wait. . . I'm not alone."

I said, "How do you know she's . . ." but at the dreadful look in his face, I didn't finish it.

The boys built bonfires. We made a fire. Tann went toward to the lip of the valley and stood watching. As the fire burned up, there came a tiny pinpoint of flame from high up the valley. Anna was above. The words in Tann's face relaxed.

"This is how he loves her," I thought. It occurred to me that I had never loved a woman as Tann did Anna.

I wondered what would happen in the morning. We had, indeed, a good few boys with us.

It was just dawn when I woke under a nightshade. I had been awake a long time and I knew that Tann had never relaxed his vigilance, leaning against a rock in the faint light, gazing up valley. He wouldn't be at his peak for hunting time, particularly in that narrow trap of a valley.

When I got out from under the pondank, the boys were grouped around. I knew enough. Miley to question them, so I couldn't see Tann anywhere.

They seemed to take it quite casually that he had got up at dawn and gone above into the valley. If the tiger broke back they were to get him . . . if he was in the valley. I went to the rocks and looked up the narrow precipice. Somewhere in there a man was walking, very slowly, very quietly, waiting and a beast padding after him.

I felt sure the tiger was still in there. One of the boys had found fresh pug marks amongst the rocks at the entrance, and it was definitely

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was over "I have told Marjorie that I will speak for if she takes such risks again... nevertheless she made a good bet... I might have hated her for weeks afterwards."

The next morning before I left for Ketchikan, she came out by herself onto the veranda. Her eyes shone more deeply than ever.

"It was an insane thing to do, when you know... I broke all the rules. Suddenly I was fed up with the whole island."

She looked at me. "Do you think I would have ruined her life if I hadn't believed the first was dead?" When I passed Kampong Ulu they had killed a bear and somebody had run to tell her that it was the same bear. I stopped the men from coming to tell the news to either of you."

"But why?"

"It seemed to me a good time to prove to you and all of them that Myndren Tsen is no coward... that there is no end threat on this island before which he has lost his head," she said simply.

In a way I understood her ghastly experiment. She had wanted to prove to me and the brown men that each man has his own type of courage... and his own cowardice.

"You see," she said, "he was beginning to crumble before your success. I had to give him back his faith in himself... in the legend of the birds of Siam."

"You loved him enough to spend the night on that valley alone," I said, startled.

"You forget, I thought the man-eater was dead," she smiled.

"Then said you were afraid of the dark."

Her face twisted. "Yes... I am afraid of the dark."

"Yet you..."

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"I love him," she said. "That other time when he ran . . . it was the same . . . the 'planes . . . even I . . . we of the jungle understand the names of the jungle, but that other . . . that run on day . . . as many of them."

Suddenly I knew that what she said was the truth. A man with bearing sensitive enough to hunt tiger alone might very well be possessed by a fear of 'planes.

I said, "Why did you let me make love to you?"

The machine-like lady fell. She shrieked. "In the jungle also, we do not weigh things. If we want a thing, we take it if we are strong enough . . . but I know I did not love you. It did not matter, it was a . . . variation. I know you did not love me. Deeds are different to love. Here, we do not quarrel with either, but we know the difference."

Ever Team came through the door. The slight, elegant figure was tentatively clothed in white shorts and shirt. It seemed impossible that this man had gone into a valley and killed a tiger alone.

* * *

"Queer yarn," said the doctor from the next room. He scribbled his chair back. "Well, must be on my way now." His eyes looked at me with a new candour that I knew they would keep when I finished my story.

I knew, too, that the two stories would go on side by side; the story of the cowardice of Ever Team and the story of his courage, until each of them became a legend . . . another legend of the Team of Everest.



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Talking Points

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR

Next month you will see some changes in CAVALCADE. As Thompson said, "The old order changed, yielding place to new." There will be more colour, more cartoons, more pictures.

MUSIC

Paganini was the wonder of his age. There was no one in the world could play the violin as he could. His technique has lived on and is adopted by all the greatest violinists of to-day. But, in Paganini's day, people were ruled by superstition and they thought he was in league with the devil. The writer of this article, Angus Heywood, in a music letter "Dead on a G String" is on page 1.

REMEMBRANCES

The old convict days in Australia produced many bushrangers, because of the treatment meted out to the convicts. But, as the convict settlements were in the Eastern States and Tasmania, bushranging was confined, in the main, to those states. However, there was one gang which invaded South Australia. And they committed some havoc before being caught. Read about this gang on page 18.

SPORT

Whenever a sportsman is killed while indulging in his sport, some people set up the cry: "Don sport. It is taking off our manhood." Sports

writer, Ray Mitchell, has taken this as his theme in this article, "Should Sport Be Banned?" (on page 16) and he brings in statistics and arguments which answer the question beyond argument.

KEET MONTE

There is an article and a story for all. If you are young and worrying about it, read "Sex and Old Age." It will give you new life. If you are without energy, read "Tap Up Your Protein Intake" and you are new man. If you like crime, James Halliday gives you just what is in his article, "Murder of a Minister." Put them taken on along the road where we meet "Knights of the Road," the tramps who make tramping their living. John Winston delves into history and tells the story of a romantic bandit in France, "The Amiable Out-Thief" is the title. "Dismayed and Draped" tells of one of the greatest heroes in history. For boxing fans there is one of the most dramatic stories in the history of the sport. It concerns Joe Louis and Max Baer's boxing. Written by Ray Mitchell and the title is "They Needed Schooling Lots." For those who like legends there is "The Legend Legend." It tells of a race of people of superior intelligence living in mountainous regions beyond the reach of our civilization. And for fiction fans there are three adventure stories which are first class.

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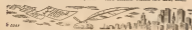
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